TRUE CRIME

JUNE-JULY

NO. 12

CRIME PATROL

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

10¢

AUTHORIZED A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE

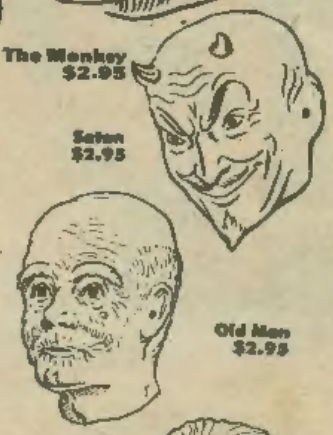
REAL STORIES FROM POLICE RECORDS!

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party

WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE

RUBBER MASKS

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...
Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.



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Satan $2.95

Old Man $2.95

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Special SANTA CLAUS, $4.95

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IDIOT . . $2.95

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SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at $2.95, except Santa Claus ($4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

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6044 Avondale Ave., Dept.588-D, Chicago 31, Illinois

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept.588-D, Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
( ) Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME.....
STREET..... P.O. ZONE.....
CITY..... STATE.....

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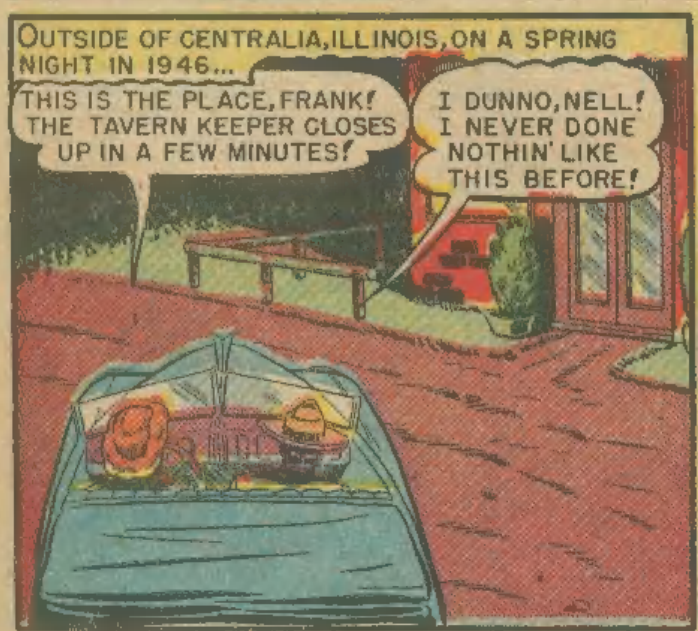
NELL BAKER

SHE* KEPT ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE LAW UNTIL IT CAME TO *MURDER!*

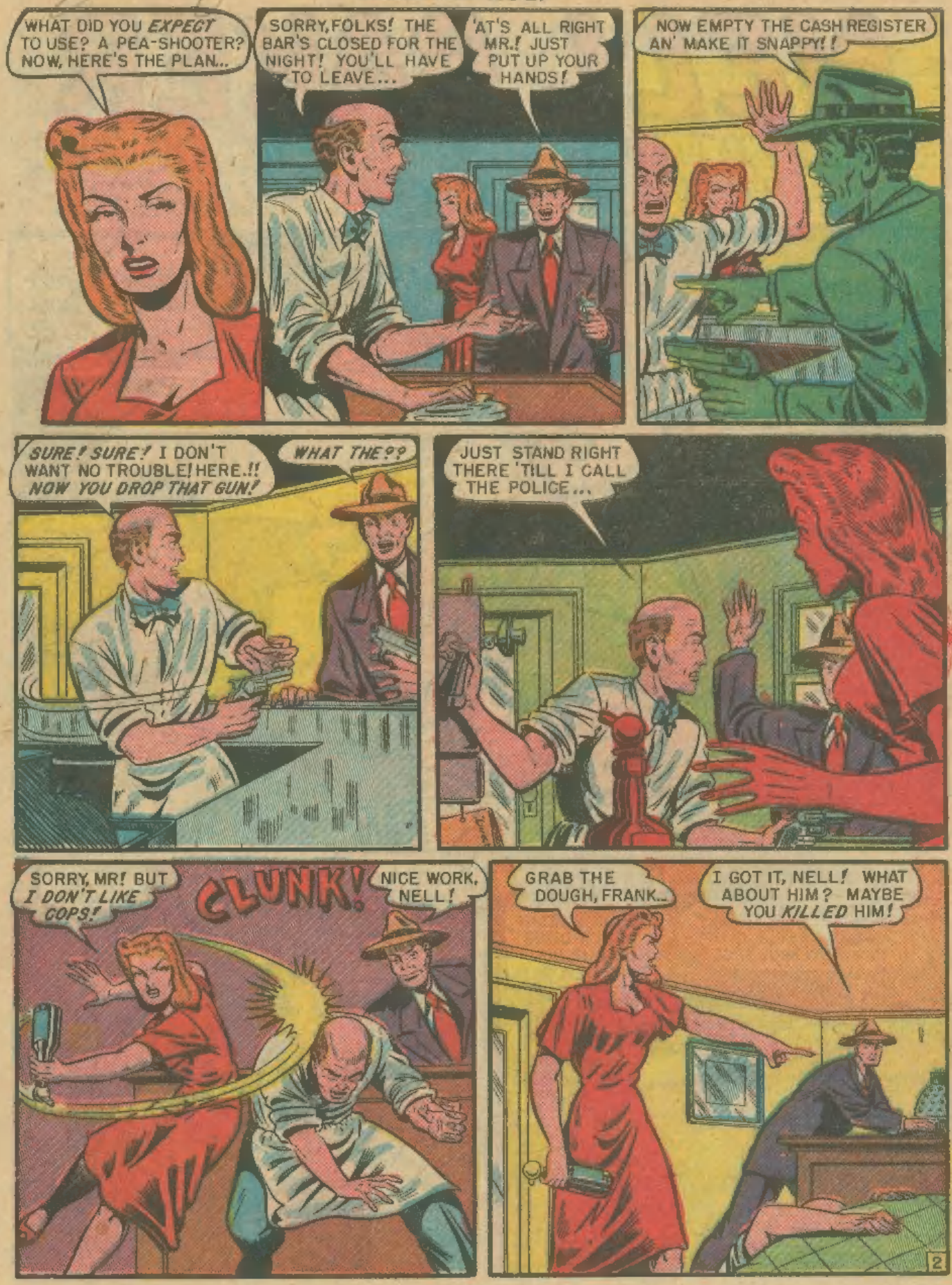
A TRUE CRIME STORY TAKEN FROM POLICE FILES

*IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED IN THIS TRUE CRIME STORY, THE NAME NELL BAKER AND OTHER NAMES HAVE BEEN FICTIONIZED...



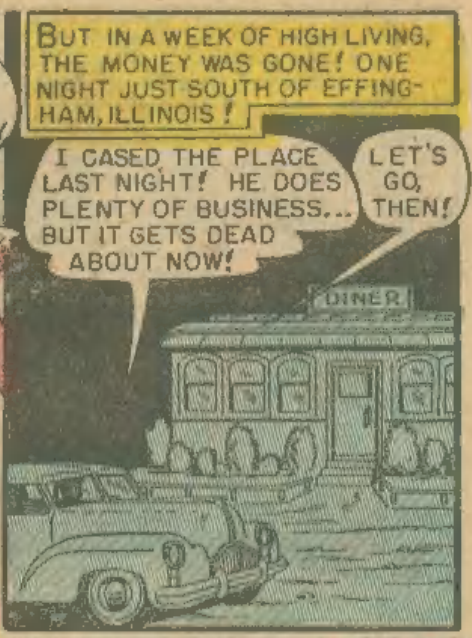
Jay Smith

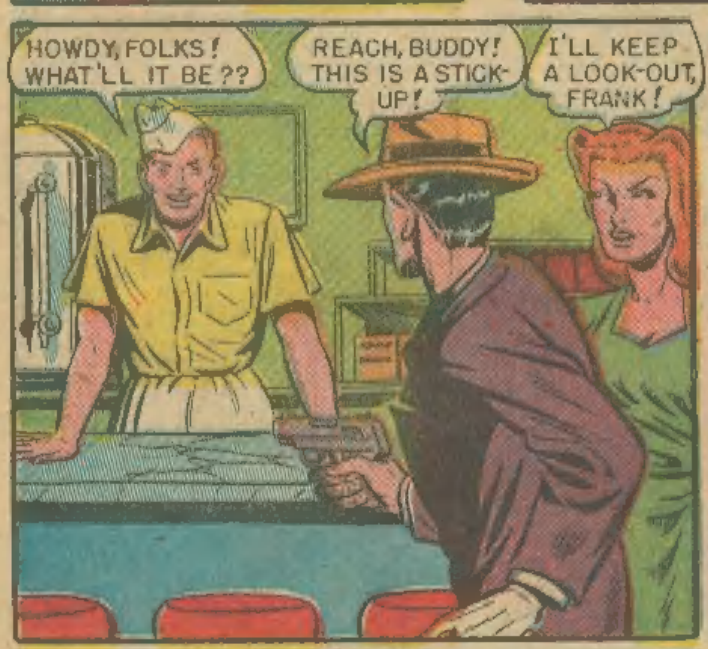
CRIME PATROL!



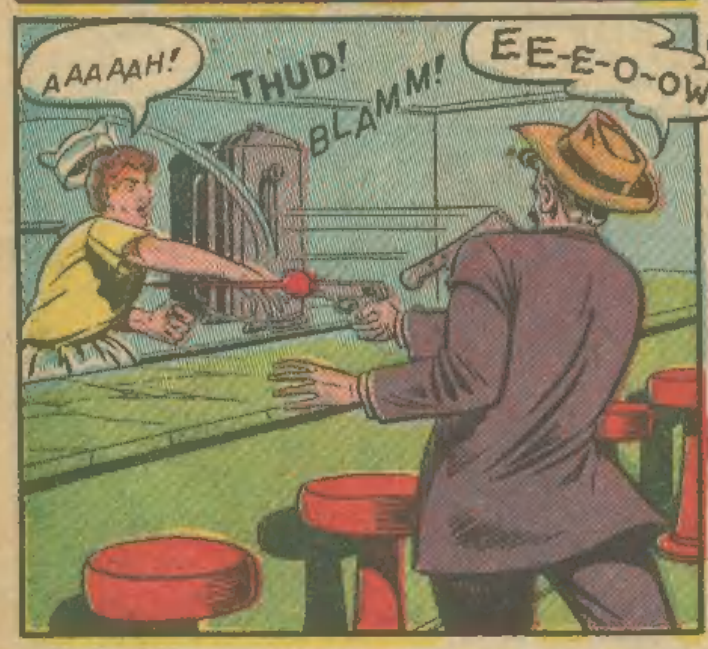
NAW, HE'S STILL BREATHIN'! LET'S SCRAM!
SURE THING, NELL!

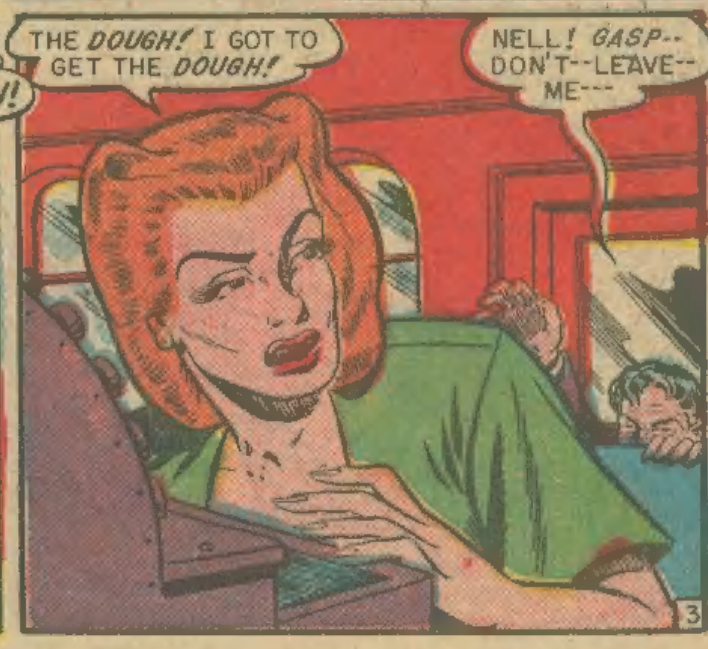
IN A FURNISHED ROOM, AN HOUR LATER...
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, NELL? THAT GUY KNOWS WHAT WE LOOK LIKE... HE'LL HAVE ALL THE COPS AROUN' LOOKIN' FOR US!
WE'RE LEAVIN' TOWN TONIGHT! WE GOT PLENTY OF DOUGH!

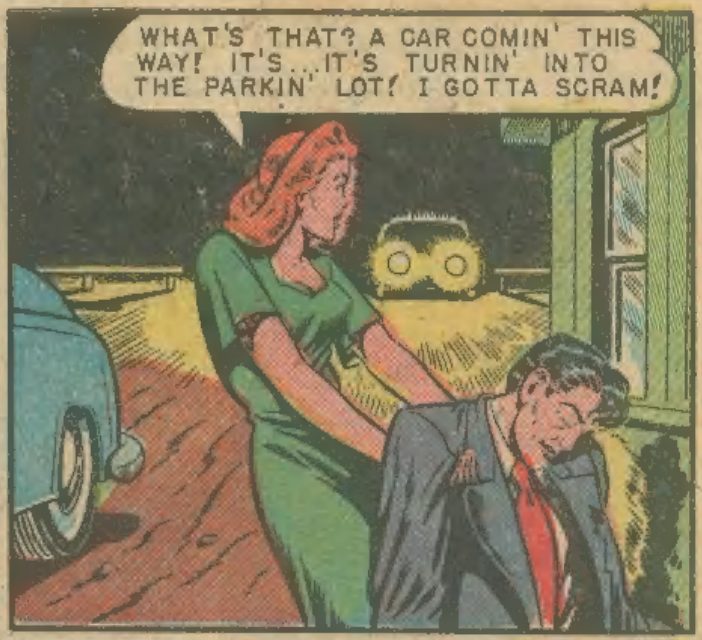

BUT IN A WEEK OF HIGH LIVING, THE MONEY WAS GONE! ONE NIGHT JUST SOUTH OF EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS!
I CASED THE PLACE LAST NIGHT! HE DOES PLENTY OF BUSINESS... BUT IT GETS DEAD ABOUT NOW!
LET'S GO, THEN!
DINER


HOWDY, FOLKS! WHAT'LL IT BE??
REACH, BUDDY! THIS IS A STICK-UP!
I'LL KEEP A LOOK-OUT, FRANK!

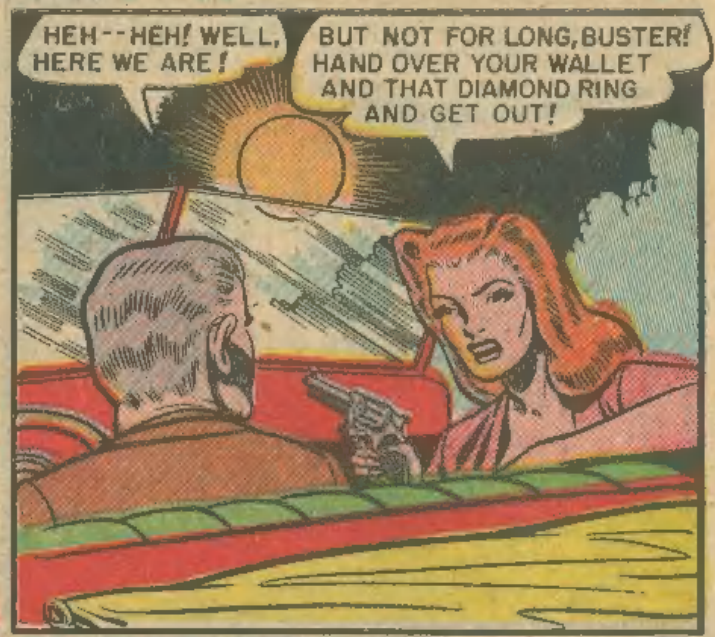
NOBODY GETS MY DOUGH, SCUM!
FRANK! HE'S GOT A CLEAVER! LOOK OUT!! SHOOT FRANK! SHOOT!

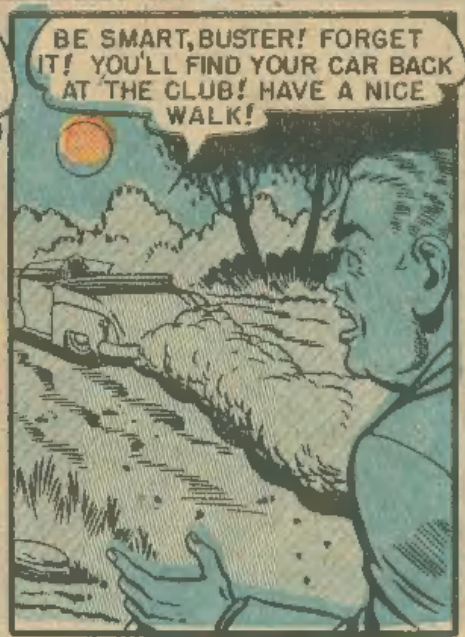

AAAAAH!
THUD!
BLAMM!
EE-E-O-OW!


THE DOUGH! I GOT TO GET THE DOUGH!
NELL! GASP-- DON'T--LEAVE-- ME---



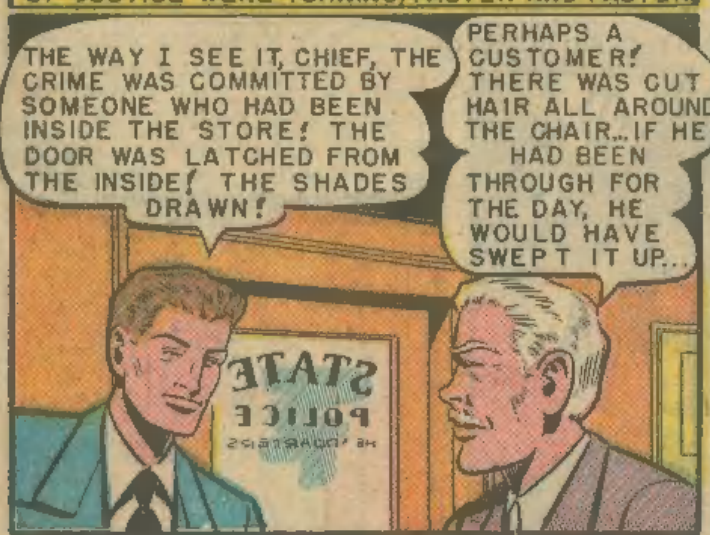
IN MATTOON, ILLINOIS, NELL...WORRIED THAT FRANK MAY TELL THE POLICE EVERY-THING...IS RELIEVED TO LEARN OF HIS DEATH! SHE BEGINS TO OPERATE ALONE! IN A NIGHT CLUB NEAR MATTOON....





NELL BAKER WOULD STRIKE SWIFTLY--THEN MOVE ON.. ALWAYS TRAVELING...

BUT, NELL BAKER WAS SOON TO LEARN *WHO* WAS THE CHUMP! WITHIN AN HOUR THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE WERE TURNING, FASTER AND FASTER

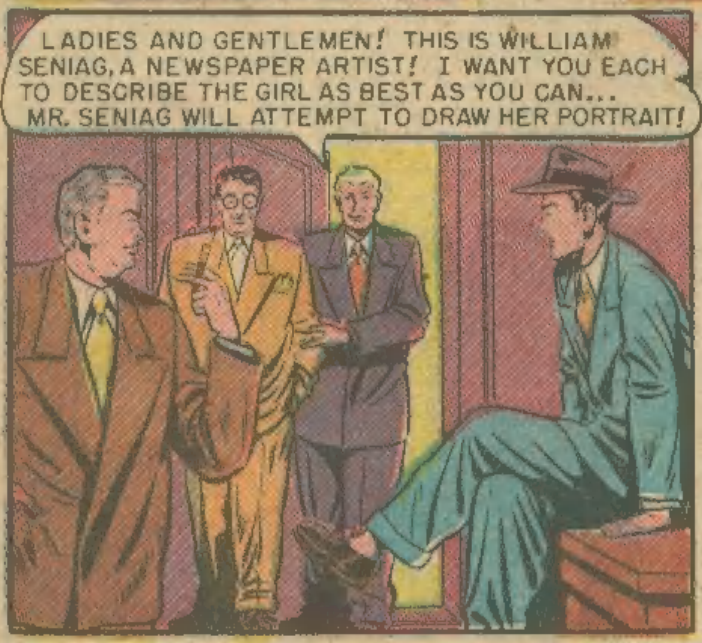


LITTLE PIECES OF A GIANT PICTURE PUZZLE BEGAN TO FIT INTO PLACE... THE NOOSE WAS TIGHTNING!

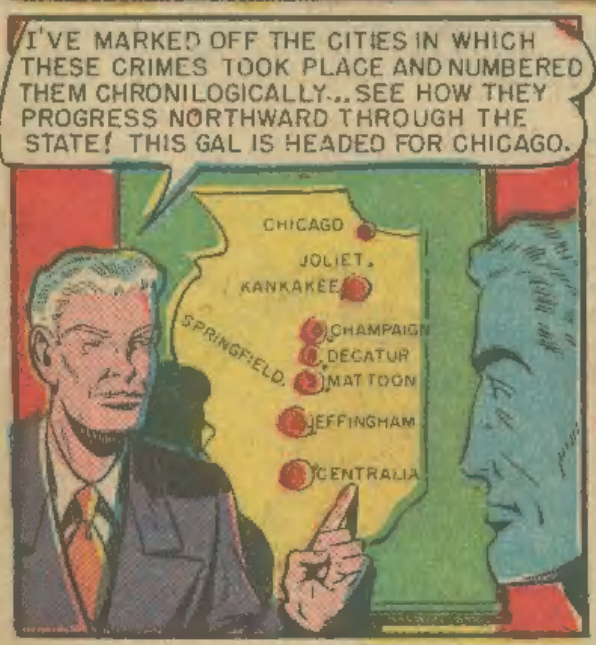
SHE ROBBED ME OF MY DIAMOND RING AND WALLET! OF COURSE I CAN DESCRIBE HER...

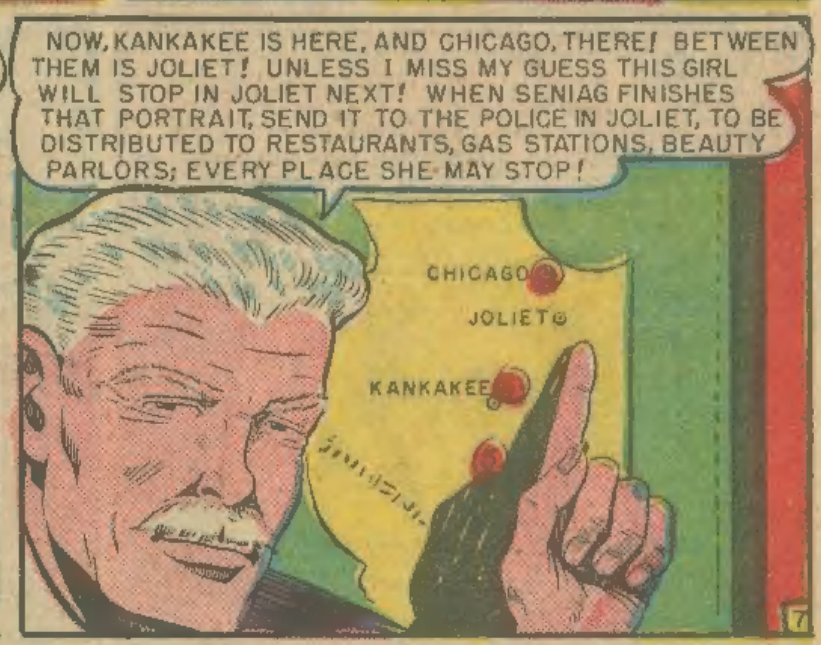
SHE HAD FUNNY SHAPED EYES.. TOOK MY POCKETBOOK WITH ALL MY SAVIN'S!

STEVE! GET ME AN ARTIST! I HAVE AN IDEA!
SURE THING, CHIEF!


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THIS IS WILLIAM SENIAG, A NEWSPAPER ARTIST! I WANT YOU EACH TO DESCRIBE THE GIRL AS BEST AS YOU CAN... MR. SENIAG WILL ATTEMPT TO DRAW HER PORTRAIT!

WHILE SENIAG IS IN THERE WITH THOSE WITNESSES, STEVE, I WANT YOU TO LOOK AT THIS MAP!
SURE CHIEF, WHAT ABOUT IT?


I'VE MARKED OFF THE CITIES IN WHICH THESE CRIMES TOOK PLACE AND NUMBERED THEM CHRONILOGICALLY... SEE HOW THEY PROGRESS NORTHWARD THROUGH THE STATE! THIS GAL IS HEADED FOR CHICAGO.
CHICAGO
JOLIET
KANKAKEE
SPRINGFIELD
CHAMPAIGN
DECATUR
MATTOON
EFFINGHAM
CENTRALIA


NOW, KANKAKEE IS HERE, AND CHICAGO, THERE! BETWEEN THEM IS JOLIET! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS THIS GIRL WILL STOP IN JOLIET NEXT! WHEN SENIAG FINISHES THAT PORTRAIT, SEND IT TO THE POLICE IN JOLIET, TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO RESTAURANTS, GAS STATIONS, BEAUTY PARLORS; EVERY PLACE SHE MAY STOP!
CHICAGO
JOLIET
KANKAKEE

THE NEXT DAY...IN JULIET, ILLINOIS...
I GOTTA CHANGE THE WAY I LOOK BEFORE THEY GET TOO HOT ON MY TRAIL! THIS BEAUTY SHOP OUGHT TO DO!
Charle
BEAUTY SHOP
HAIRDRESSER

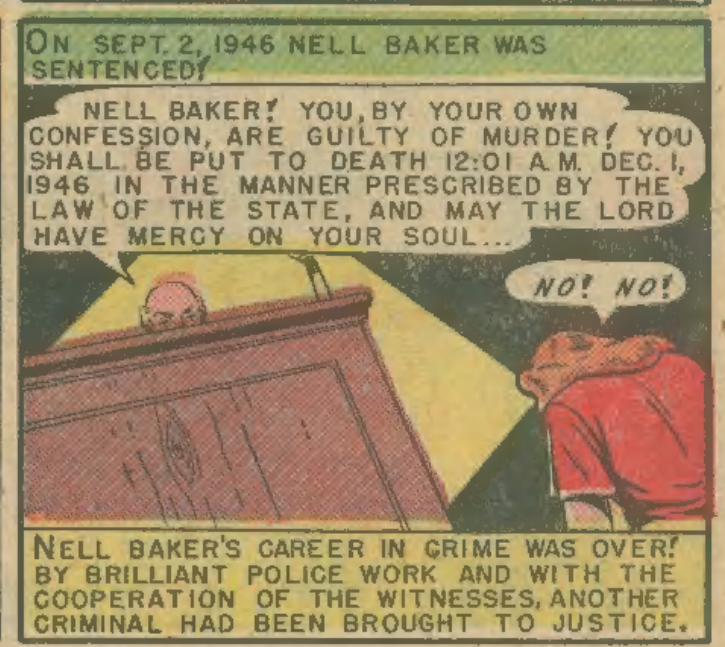
GOOD AFTER-NOON MADAM... ER...WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY HAIR DYED! BLACK!

OF COURSE! WON'T YOU SIT DOWN IN THE FIRST BOOTH! I'LL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY!
OKAY, BUT I'M IN A HURRY!

CHECKING THE PICTURE GIVEN TO HIM BY THE JOLIET POLICE, THE BEAUTY PARLOR OPERATOR MAKES A HURRIED CALL...
IT'S HER! SHE'S HERE IN MY SHOP...HURRY!
WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER, CHARLES-THANKS!

OKAY SISTER! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
YOUR UNDER ARREST!!
COPS!!

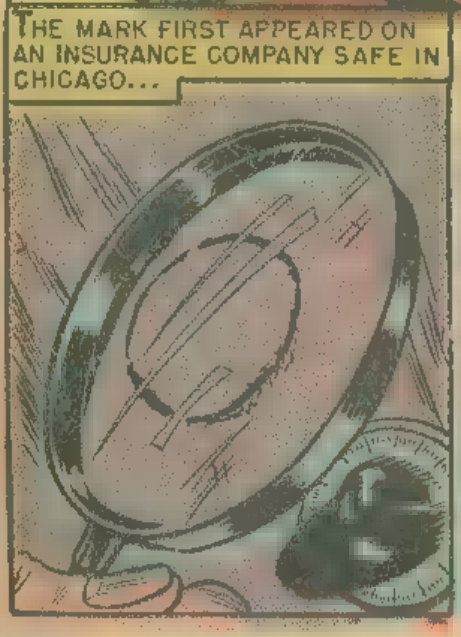
FACED WITH THE WITNESSES AND EVIDENCE GATHERED BY THE ILLINOIS POLICE, IN COOPERATION WITH LOCAL POLICE AUTHORITIES...NELL BAKER CONFESSED TO HER LONG RECORD OF ROBBERIES AND MURDER!
OKAY! OKAY! I DID IT! I DID IT! I KILLED HIM! NOW...LEAVE...ME...ALONE!

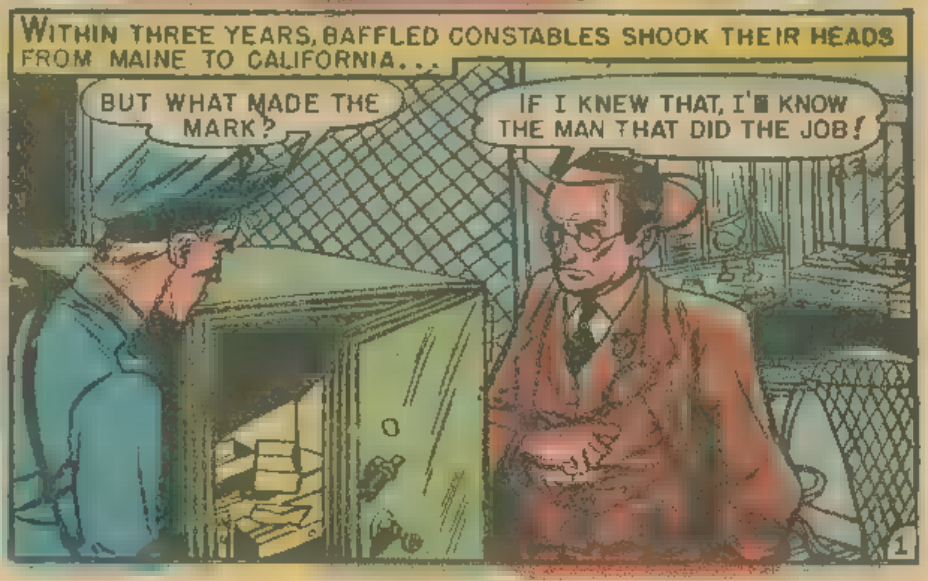

ON SEPT. 2, 1946 NELL BAKER WAS SENTENCED!
NELL BAKER! YOU, BY YOUR OWN CONFESSION, ARE GUILTY OF MURDER! YOU SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH 12:01 A.M. DEC. 1, 1946 IN THE MANNER PRESCRIBED BY THE LAW OF THE STATE, AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL...
NO! NO!
NELL BAKER'S CAREER IN CRIME WAS OVER! BY BRILLIANT POLICE WORK AND WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE WITNESSES, ANOTHER CRIMINAL HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

THE Gentleman GUNMAN

FROM BOSTON TO LOS ANGELES THE POLICE FORCES OF A NATION PUZZLED OVER THE STRANGE ROUND MARKS THAT WERE THE TRADE MARKS OF ONE OF THE CLEVEREST "SAFE MEN" IN THE HISTORY OF CRIMEDOM. AND GENTLEMAN DANNY KENYON—THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO COULD SOLVE THEIR PROBLEM—WENT ON DRINKING CHAMPAGNE, STEALING WHEN HE NEEDED MONEY, SPENDING IT LAVISHLY!

BUT THE UNDERWORLD HATED AND FEARED THIS GENTLEMAN GUNMAN, WHO NEVER MADE A MISTAKE. AND THE UNDERWORLD BIDED ITS TIME, KNOWING THAT SOMEDAY ITS CHANCE WOULD COME...

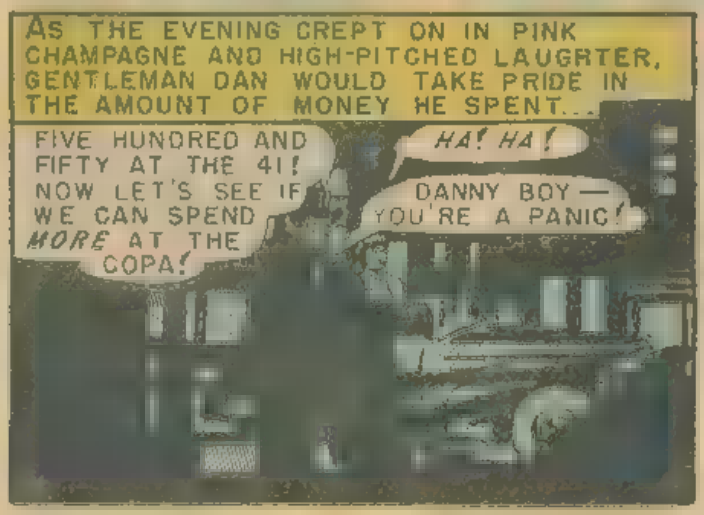


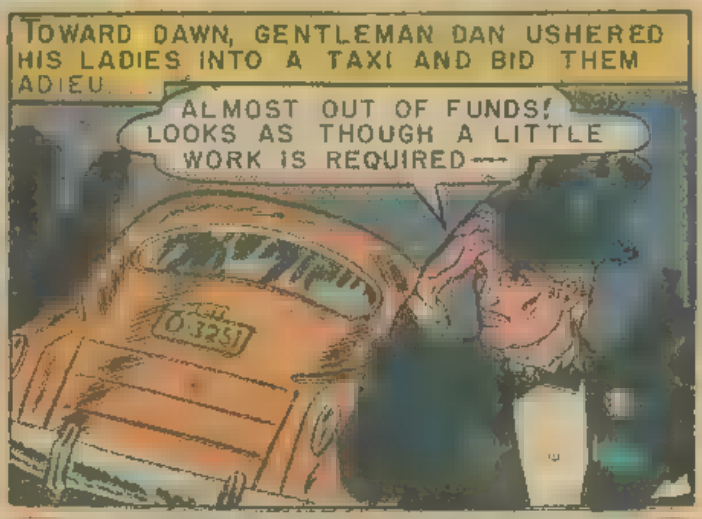


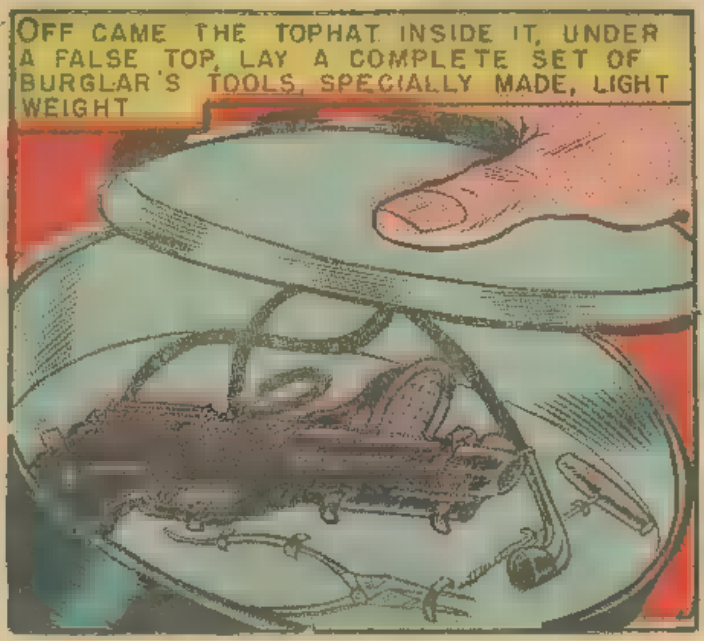
IN A NEW YORK NIGHT CLUB, GENTLEMAN DAN WAS DRINKING CHAMPAGNE WHILE THE POLICE OF A NEARBY TOWN WERE PUZZLING OVER HIS "CALLING CARD"
AND AFTER YOU BUY US THE MINK COATS, DANNY BOY?
HOW 'BOUT A NICE DIAMOND NECKLACE... HMMMMM?
ANYTHING YOU WANT, GIRLS! THAT'S WHAT MONEY IS FOR— TO SPEND!

WHO'S THAT BIRD?
DANNY KENYON. HE MUST HAVE INHERITED A DOZEN GOLD MINES AND FIFTY OIL WELLS, THE WAY HE SPENDS MONEY

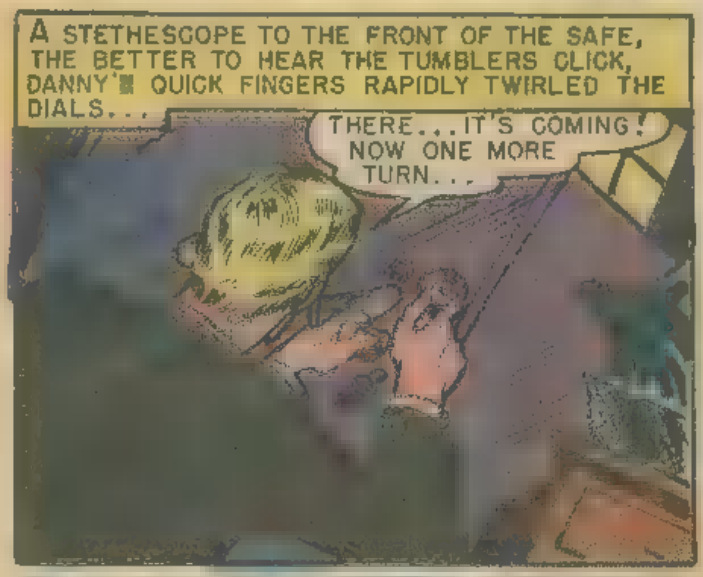
HERE Y'ARE, BOYS! YOU GAVE ME NICE SERVICE!
COME ON, DANNY. WE WANT TO GO TO THE 41 CLUB NOW!

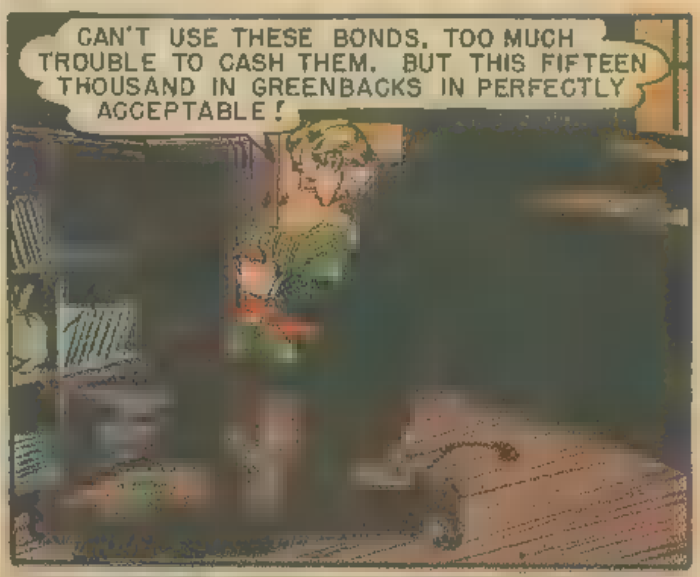

AS THE EVENING CREPT ON IN PINK CHAMPAGNE AND HIGH-PITCHED LAUGHTER, GENTLEMAN DAN WOULD TAKE PRIDE IN THE AMOUNT OF MONEY HE SPENT...
FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY AT THE 41! NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SPEND *MORE* AT THE COPA!
HA! HA!
DANNY BOY— YOU'RE A PANIC!


TOWARD DAWN, GENTLEMAN DAN USHERED HIS LADIES INTO A TAXI AND BID THEM ADIEU...
ALMOST OUT OF FUNDS! LOOKS AS THOUGH A LITTLE WORK IS REQUIRED—


OFF CAME THE TOPHAT. INSIDE IT, UNDER A FALSE TOP, LAY A COMPLETE SET OF BURGLAR'S TOOLS, SPECIALLY MADE, LIGHT WEIGHT

A SKELETON KEY IS A MIGHTY HANDY THING TO HAVE!...AND NOW, TO WORK!
ATLA PAPER CO.


A STETHESCOPE TO THE FRONT OF THE SAFE, THE BETTER TO HEAR THE TUMBLERS CLICK, DANNY'S QUICK FINGERS RAPIDLY TWIRLED THE DIALS...
THERE...IT'S COMING! NOW ONE MORE TURN...


CAN'T USE THESE BONDS. TOO MUCH TROUBLE TO CASH THEM. BUT THIS FIFTEEN THOUSAND IN GREENBACKS IN PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE!

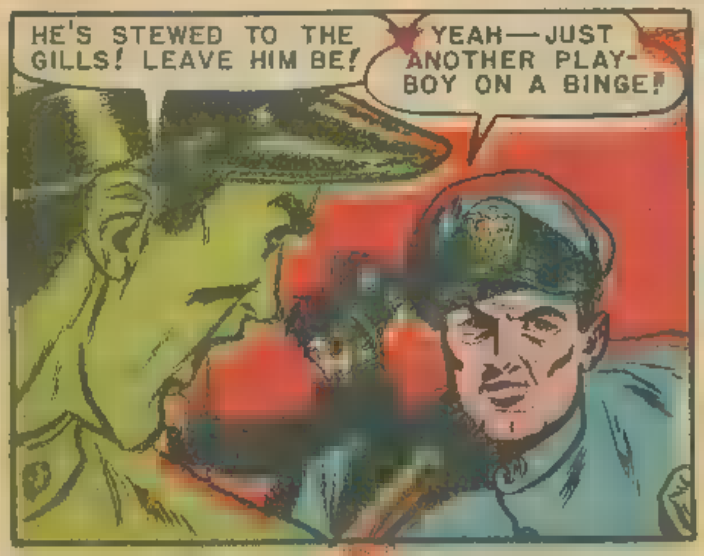
HEY, YOU! WHATCHA DOIN' THERE?
WHAT —!

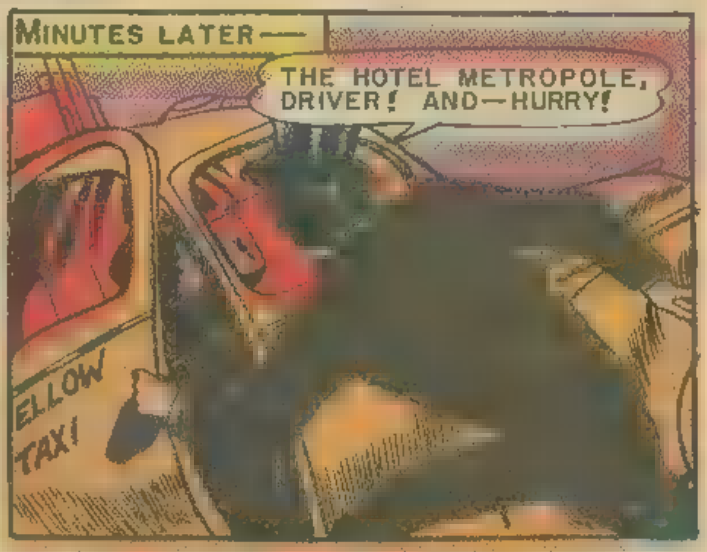
I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU, OLD TIMER, BUT I CAN'T STAY TO EXCHANGE PLEASANTRIES!

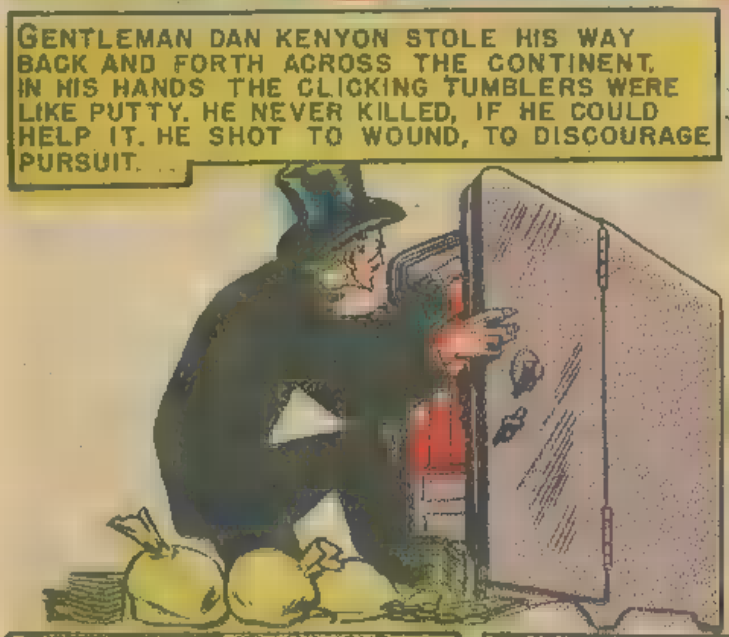
GAAWWWKKK!
SORRY —

OH-OH! POLICE! GOT TO GO INTO MY ACT...

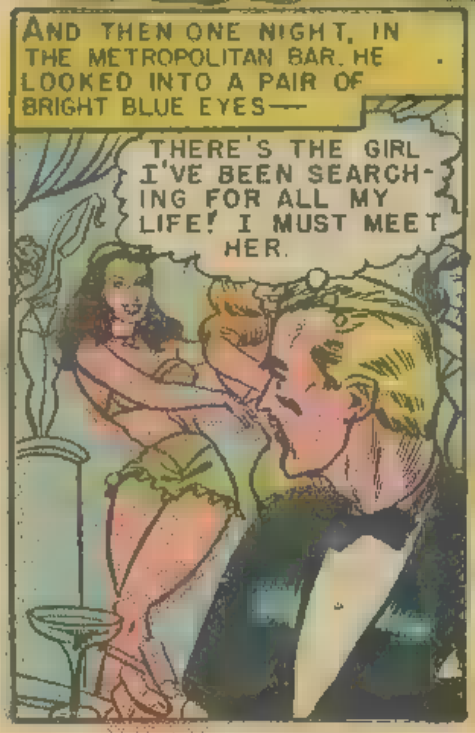
WE HEARD A SHOT! DID YOU SEE ANYTHING?
DID I SHEE ANYSHING? WELL, WHA' YOU WAN' TO KNOW 'BOUT? I 'MEMBER SHEEING TAXI DRIVE 'ROUND CORNER...


HE'S STEWED TO THE GILLS! LEAVE HIM BE!
YEAH—JUST ANOTHER PLAY-BOY ON A BINGE!


MINUTES LATER—
THE HOTEL METROPOLE, DRIVER! AND—HURRY!
ELLOW TAX!


GENTLEMAN DAN KENYON STOLE HIS WAY BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE CONTINENT. IN HIS HANDS THE CLICKING TUMBLERS WERE LIKE PUTTY. HE NEVER KILLED, IF HE COULD HELP IT. HE SHOT TO WOUND, TO DISCOURAGE PURSUIT. . .

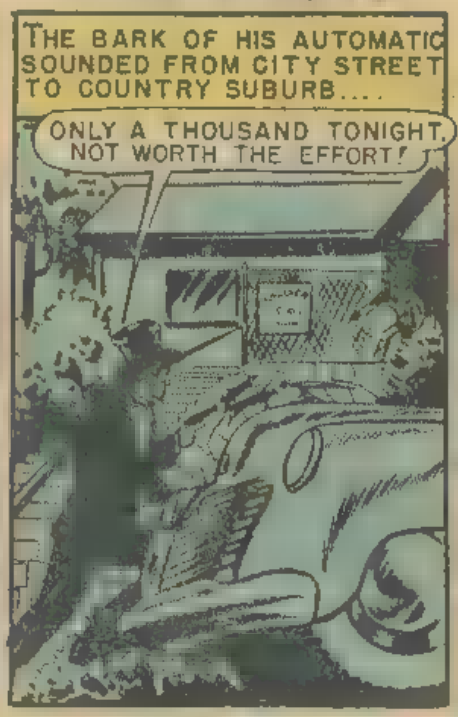
BANK

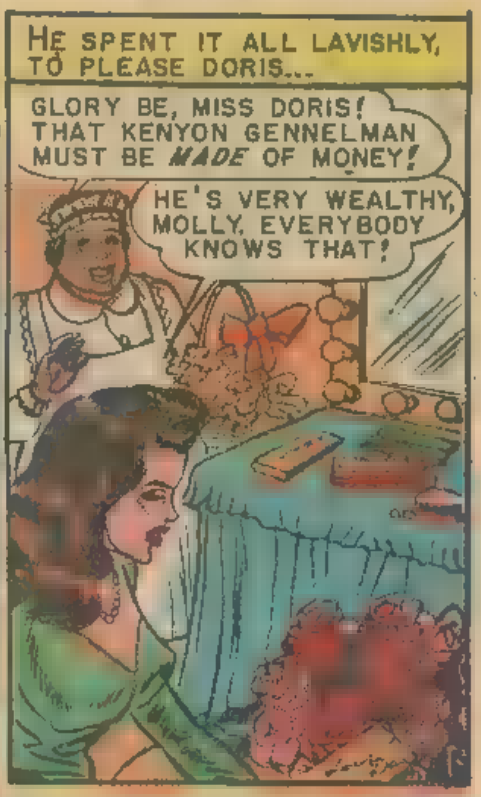

AND THEN ONE NIGHT, IN THE METROPOLITAN BAR. HE LOOKED INTO A PAIR OF BRIGHT BLUE EYES—
THERE'S THE GIRL I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR ALL MY LIFE! I MUST MEET HER.

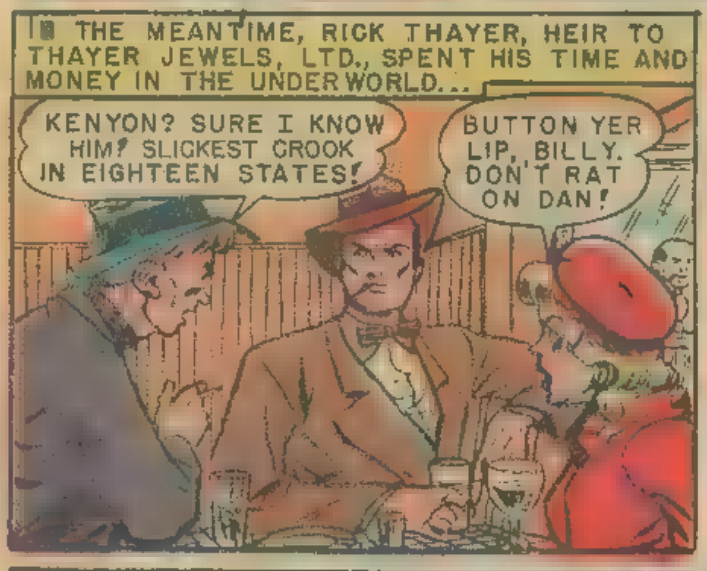
SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS DANNY KENYON!
AND YOU'RE DORIS MACILVANE! I HAD TO SEE YOU, TO PRESENT YOU WITH THESE ORCHIDS!

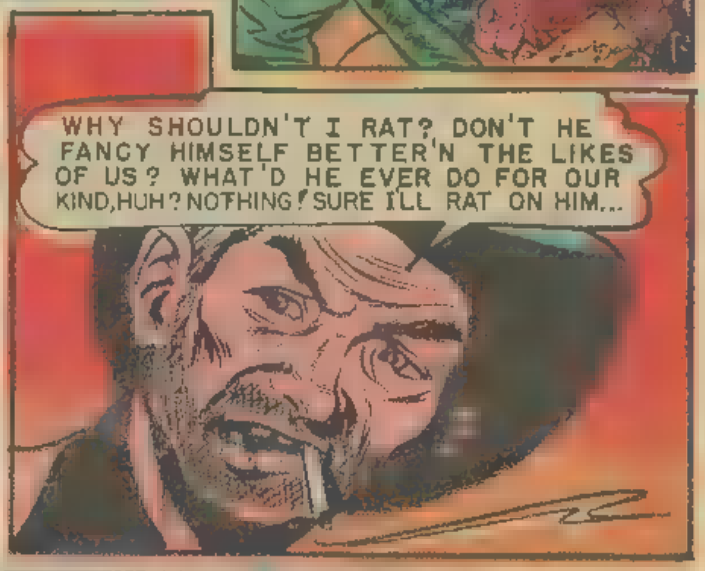
KENYON IS MAKING TIME WITH DORIS, IS HE? I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT
BUT MR. THAYER—MISS MACILVANE IS FREE AND TWENTY-ONE. SHE CAN GO OUT WITH WHOMEVER SHE WANTS!

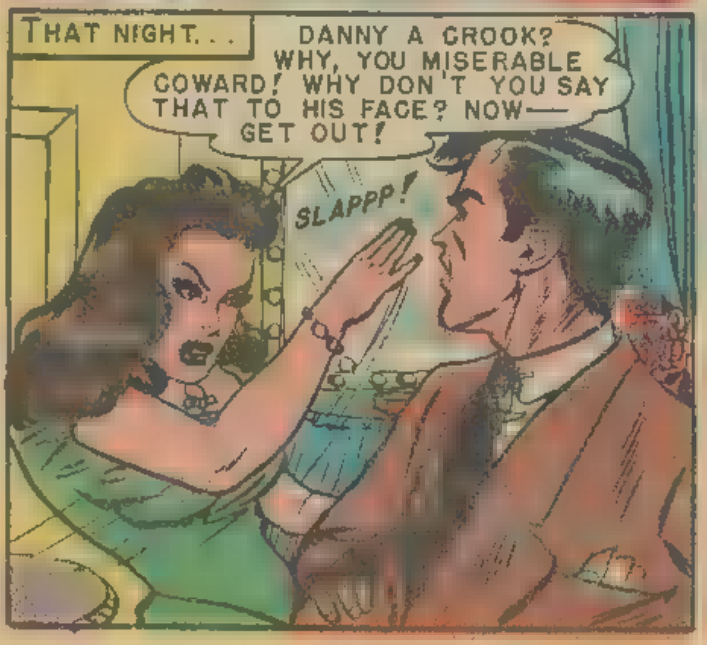
THEREAFTER, SAFES WERE LOOTED HERE AND THERE. FROM THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS AS A LOW, GENTLEMAN DAN TOOK AS MUCH AS TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS OF A NIGHT....
WHEW! THE FACTORY SALARY! I'M IN LUCK. BIG LUCK!


THE BARK OF HIS AUTOMATIC SOUNDED FROM CITY STREET TO COUNTRY SUBURB....
ONLY A THOUSAND TONIGHT. NOT WORTH THE EFFORT!

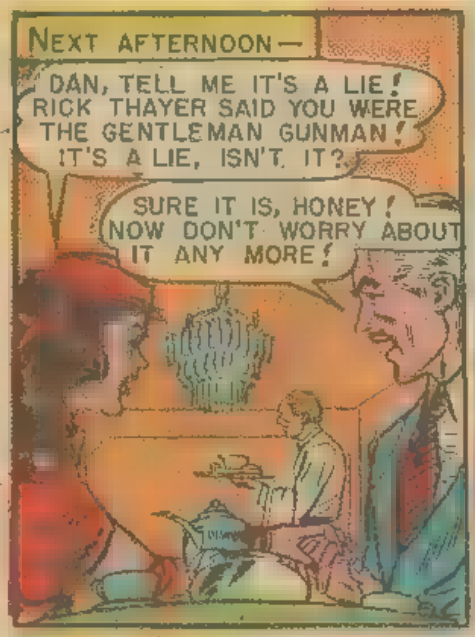

HE SPENT IT ALL LAVISHLY, TO PLEASE DORIS...
GLORY BE, MISS DORIS! THAT KENYON GENNELMAN MUST BE MADE OF MONEY!
HE'S VERY WEALTHY, MOLLY. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!


IN THE MEANTIME, RICK THAYER, HEIR TO THAYER JEWELS, LTD., SPENT HIS TIME AND MONEY IN THE UNDERWORLD...
KENYON? SURE I KNOW HIM! SLICKEST CROOK IN EIGHTEEN STATES!
BUTTON YER LIP, BILLY. DON'T RAT ON DAN!

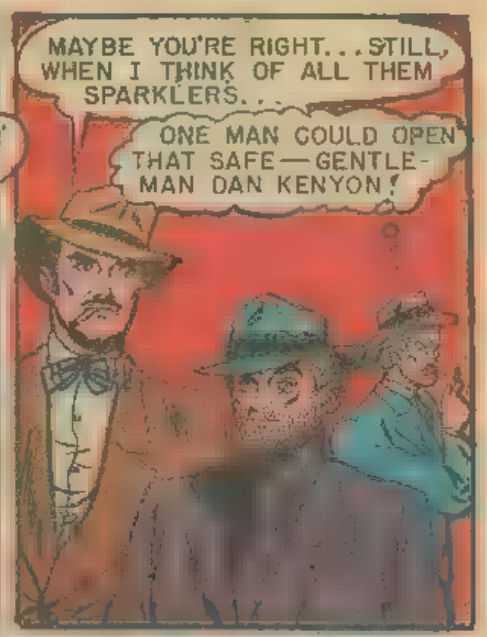

WHY SHOULDN'T I RAT? DON'T HE FANCY HIMSELF BETTER'N THE LIKES OF US? WHAT'D HE EVER DO FOR OUR KIND, HUH? NOTHING! SURE I'LL RAT ON HIM...


THAT NIGHT...
DANNY A CROOK? WHY, YOU MISERABLE COWARD! WHY DON'T YOU SAY THAT TO HIS FACE? NOW— GET OUT!
SLAPPP!

STILL LATER...
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, BILLY?
I SURE DO, LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!


NEXT AFTERNOON—
DAN, TELL ME IT'S A LIE! RICK THAYER SAID YOU WERE THE GENTLEMAN GUNMAN! IT'S A LIE, ISN'T IT?
SURE IT IS, HONEY! NOW DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT ANY MORE!

—SHIPMENT OF DIAMONDS AT THAYER'S. BIG ONES, FROM AMSTERDAM.
AHHH, WHAT USE KNOWIN' THAT? NOBODY COULD OPEN THAT SAFE OF THAYER'S!
WHAT'S THIS?

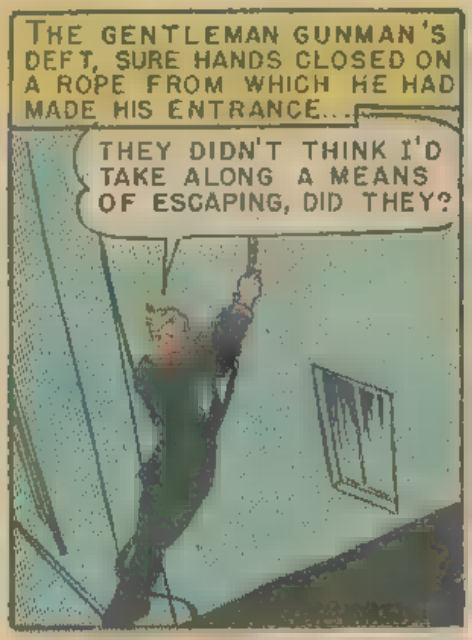

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...STILL, WHEN I THINK OF ALL THEM SPARKLERS...
ONE MAN COULD OPEN THAT SAFE—GENTLEMAN DAN KENYON!

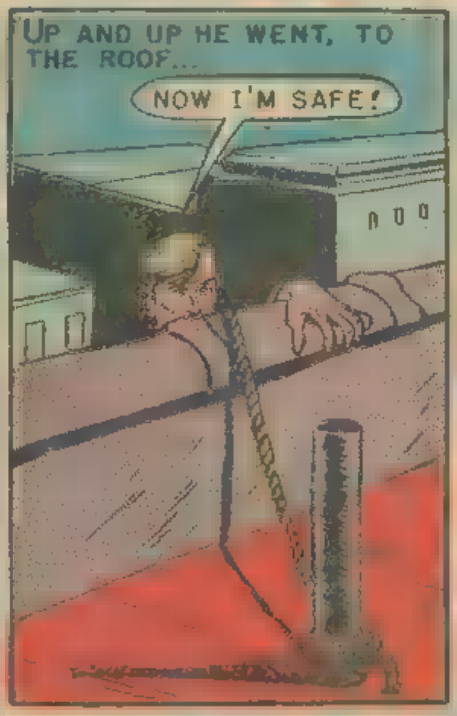
THAT NIGHT—
HMMM... IT *IS* A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK, BUT NO SAFE EVER STOPPED ME YET!

HE'S UP THERE, BOYS. I SAW HIM GO IN!
WE'LL CATCH HIM, SIR. THANKS FOR THE TIP!
THAYERS LTD

THROW UP YOUR HANDS. WE HAVE THE PLACE SURROUNDED!
WE'VE CAUGHT YOU AT LAST!
A TRAP! IT WAS A TRAP!

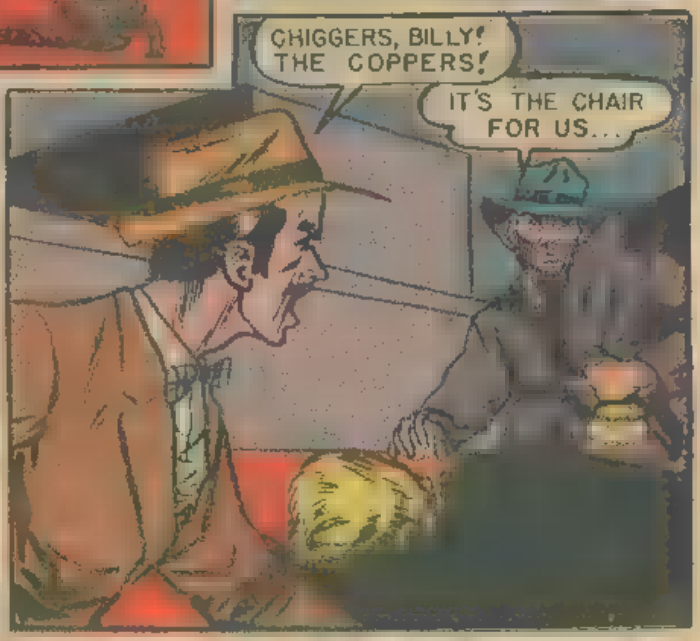
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THE GENTLEMAN GUNMAN!
HE'S GOING TO KILL HIMSELF! IT'S THIRTY STORIES TO THE STREET BELOW!


THE GENTLEMAN GUNMAN'S DEFT, SURE HANDS CLOSED ON A ROPE FROM WHICH HE HAD MADE HIS ENTRANCE...
THEY DIDN'T THINK I'D TAKE ALONG A MEANS OF ESCAPING, DID THEY?

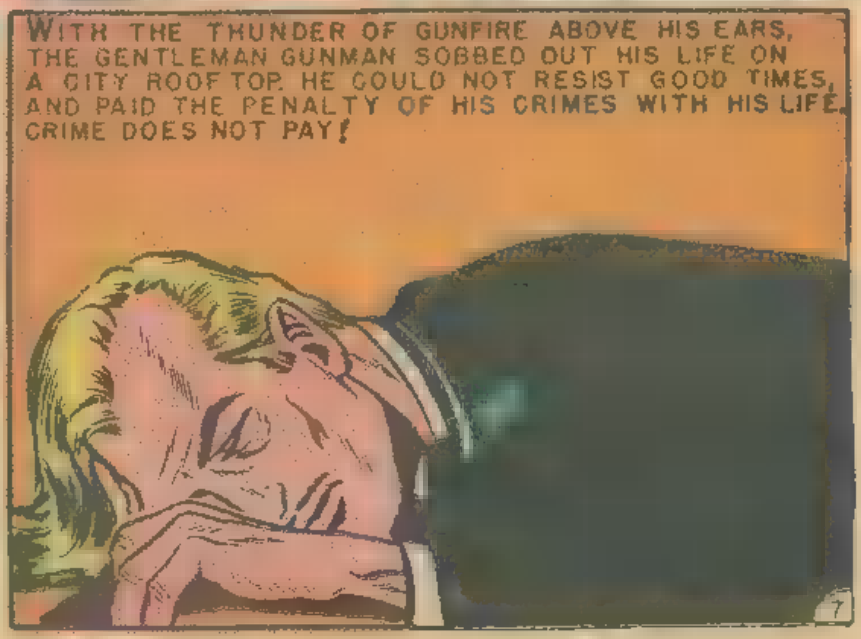

UP AND UP HE WENT, TO THE ROOF...
NOW I'M SAFE!

HERE HE COMES NOW! HE GOT AWAY FROM THE COPS!
HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US!

GNNNYAAAAA!
CRAAACK!
CRAAASSH!


CHIGGERS, BILLY! THE COPPERS!
IT'S THE CHAIR FOR US...

I'M HIT...
WE WERE... FOOLS TO.... THINK WE COULD... GET AWAY WITH... THIS...


WITH THE THUNDER OF GUNFIRE ABOVE HIS EARS, THE GENTLEMAN GUNMAN SOBBED OUT HIS LIFE ON A CITY ROOF TOP. HE COULD NOT RESIST GOOD TIMES, AND PAID THE PENALTY OF HIS CRIMES WITH HIS LIFE. CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

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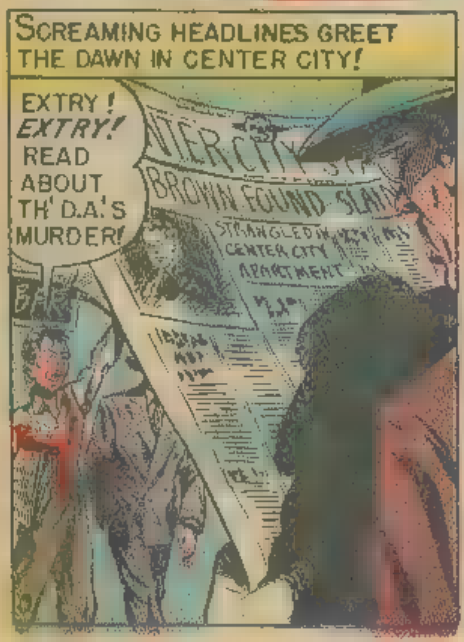
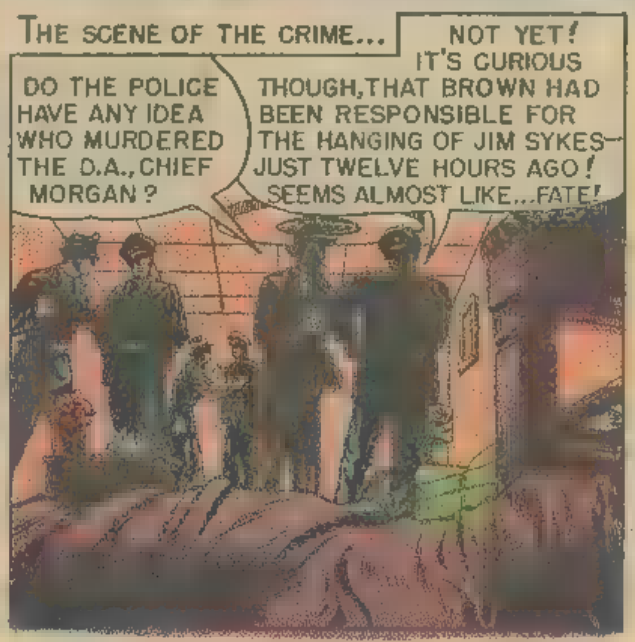
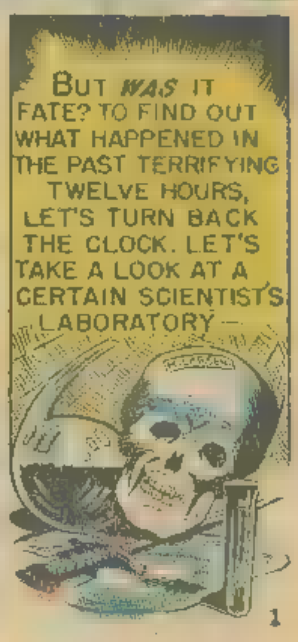
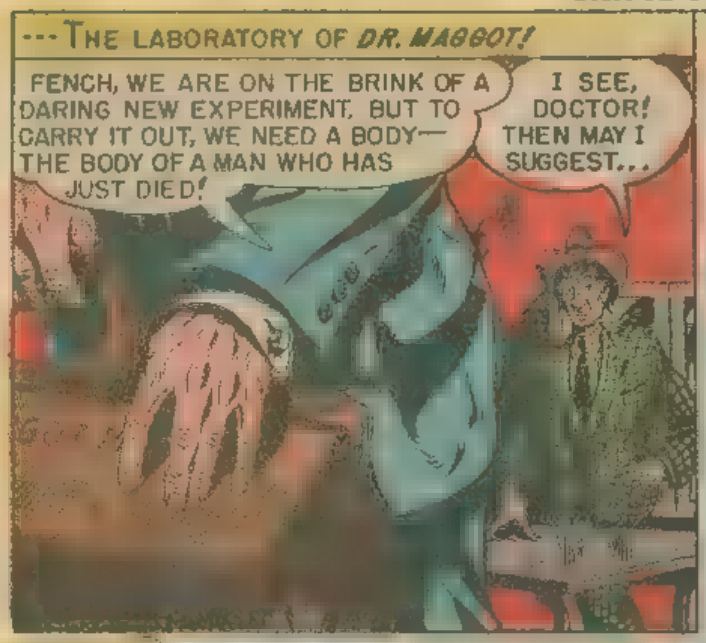
The Hanged Man's REVENGE

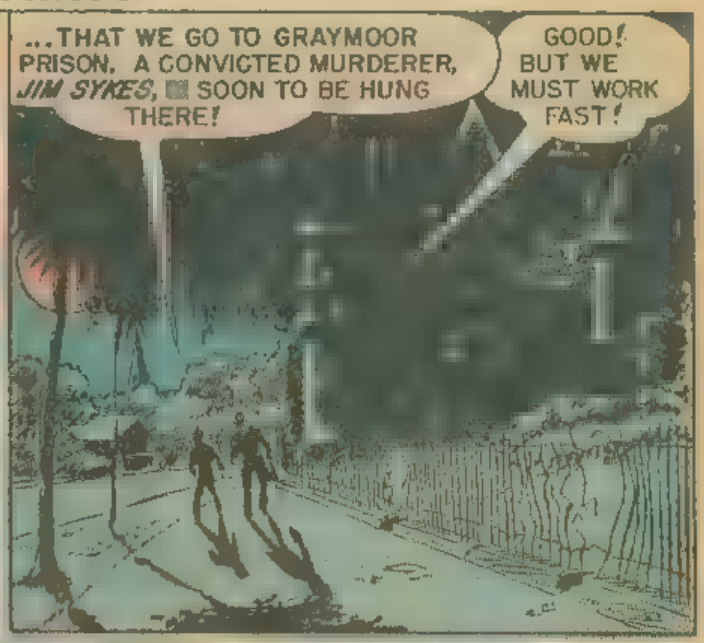
IN PRIMITIVE TIMES, IT WAS BELIEVED THAT A PERSON'S REFLECTION WAS HIS SOUL! — SO CAME ABOUT THE SUPERSTITION THAT WHEN A DYING MAN SAW HIS REFLECTION IN A MIRROR, HIS SPIRIT WOULD ENTER ANOTHER BODY! WELL—READ THIS HARROWING TALE OF A SCIENTIST'S GENIUS AND A KILLER'S LUST FOR VENGEANCE!





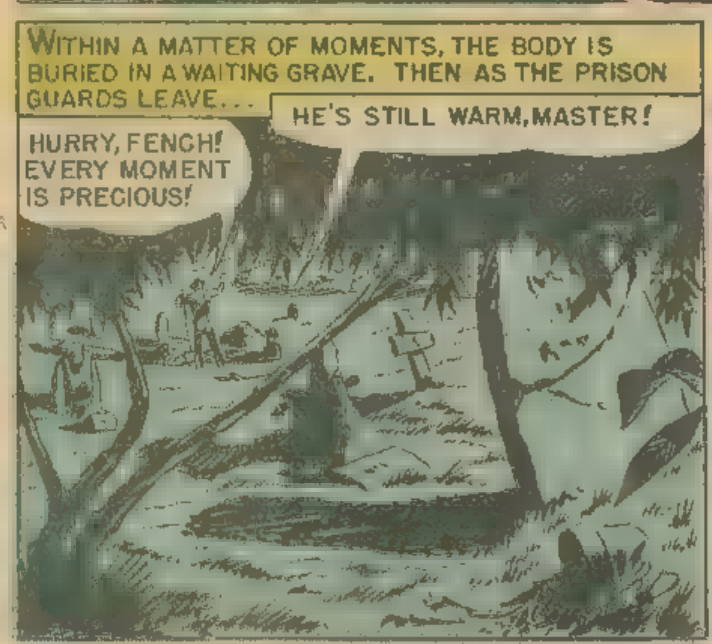


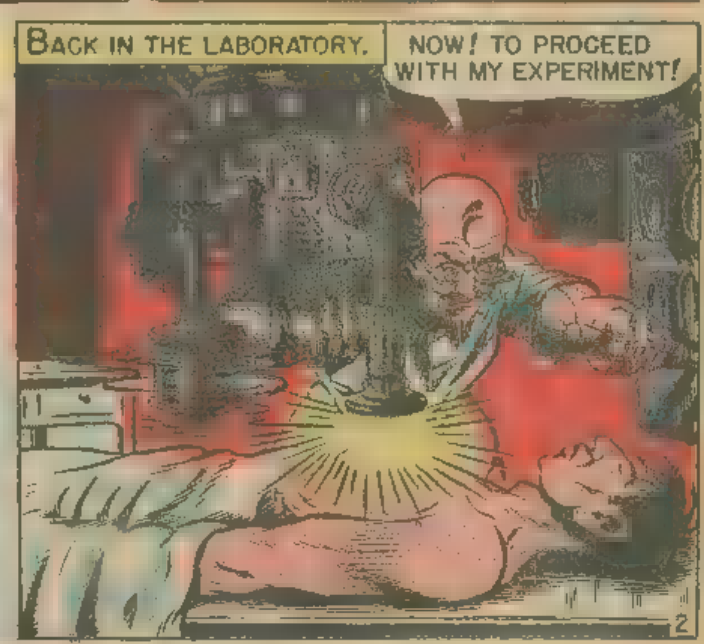

---THE LABORATORY OF DR. MAGGOT!
FENCH, WE ARE ON THE BRINK OF A DARING NEW EXPERIMENT. BUT TO CARRY IT OUT, WE NEED A BODY— THE BODY OF A MAN WHO HAS JUST DIED!
I SEE, DOCTOR! THEN MAY I SUGGEST...

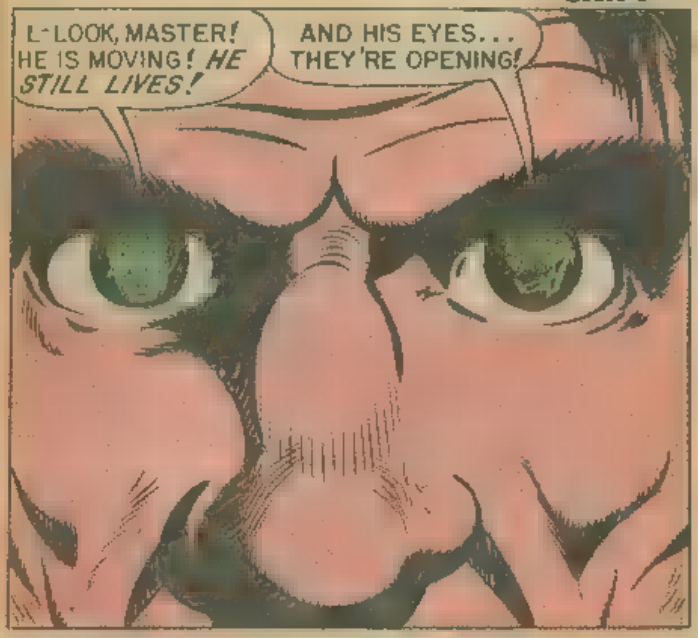

...THAT WE GO TO GRAYMOOR PRISON. A CONVICTED MURDERER, JIM SYKES, SOON TO BE HUNG THERE!
GOOD! BUT WE MUST WORK FAST!

SOON...
WE'RE JUST TIME, DR. MAGGOT! THE EXECUTION IS... UNDER WAY!

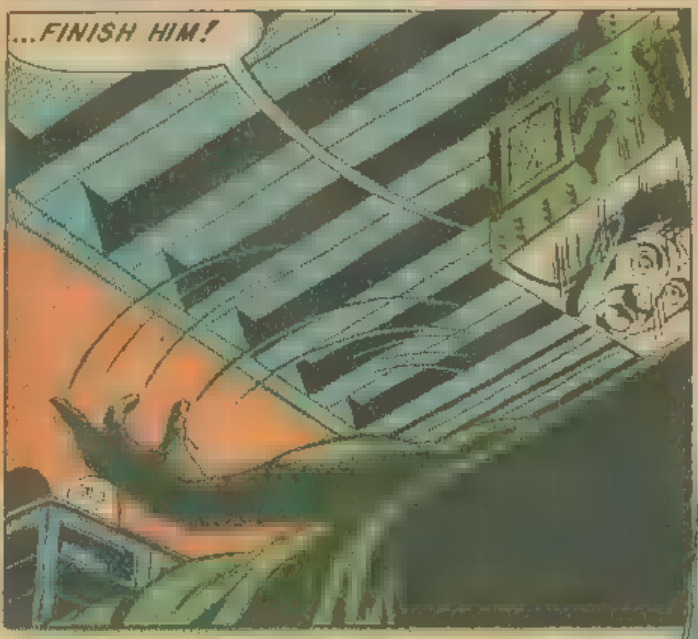
RINGH

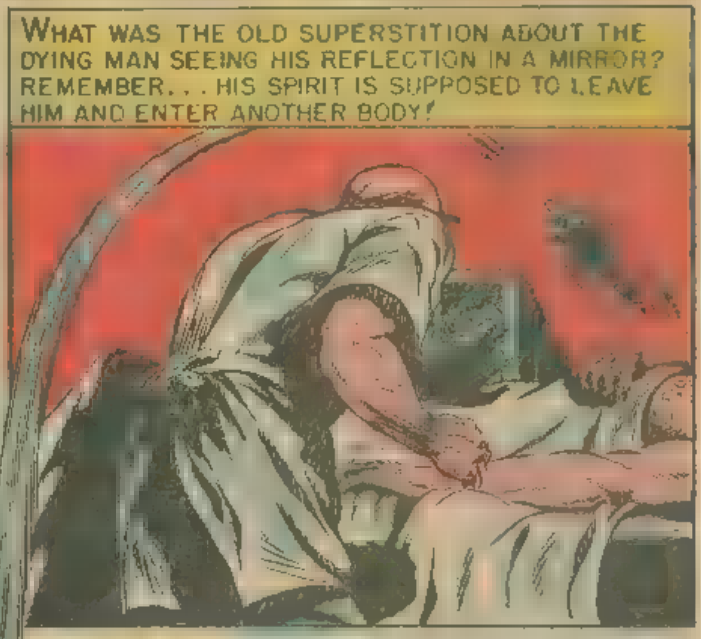

WITHIN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE BODY IS BURIED IN A WAITING GRAVE. THEN AS THE PRISON GUARDS LEAVE...
HE'S STILL WARM, MASTER!
HURRY, FENCH! EVERY MOMENT IS PRECIOUS!

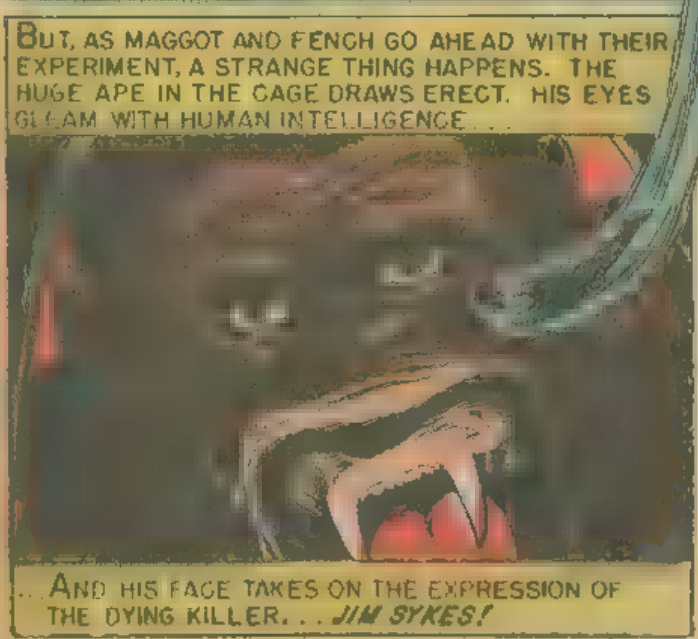

BACK IN THE LABORATORY.
NOW! TO PROCEED WITH MY EXPERIMENT!

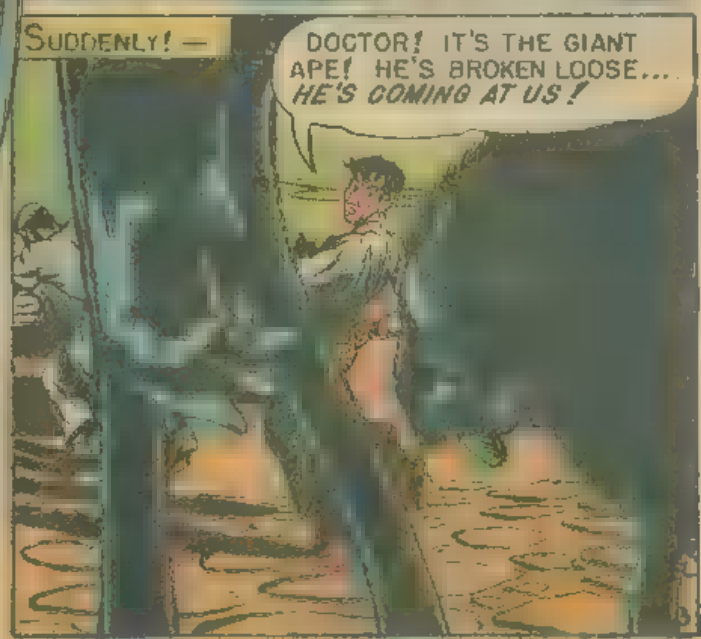

L-LOOK, MASTER! HE IS MOVING! HE STILL LIVES!
AND HIS EYES... THEY'RE OPENING!

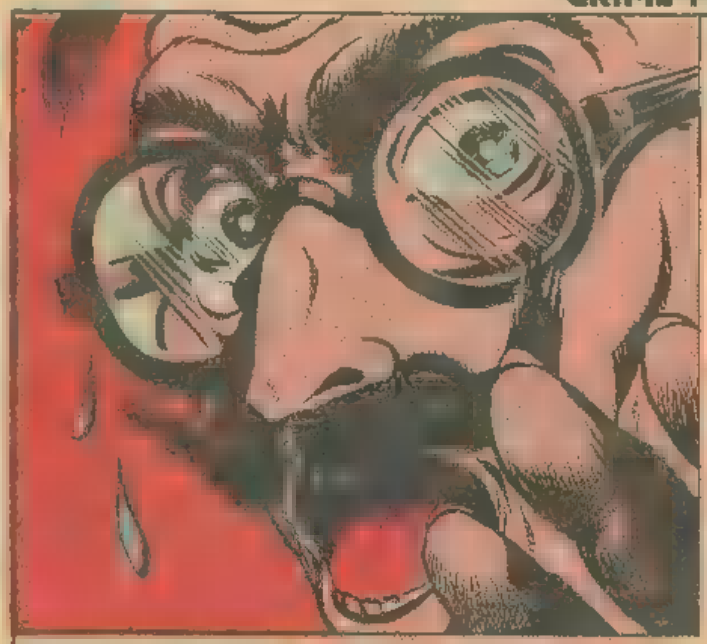
NOT DEAD YET? MY EXPERIMENT... NOTHING MUST STOP ME NOW! THIS SHOULD...
DR. MAGGOT PICKS UP HIS SCALPEL---

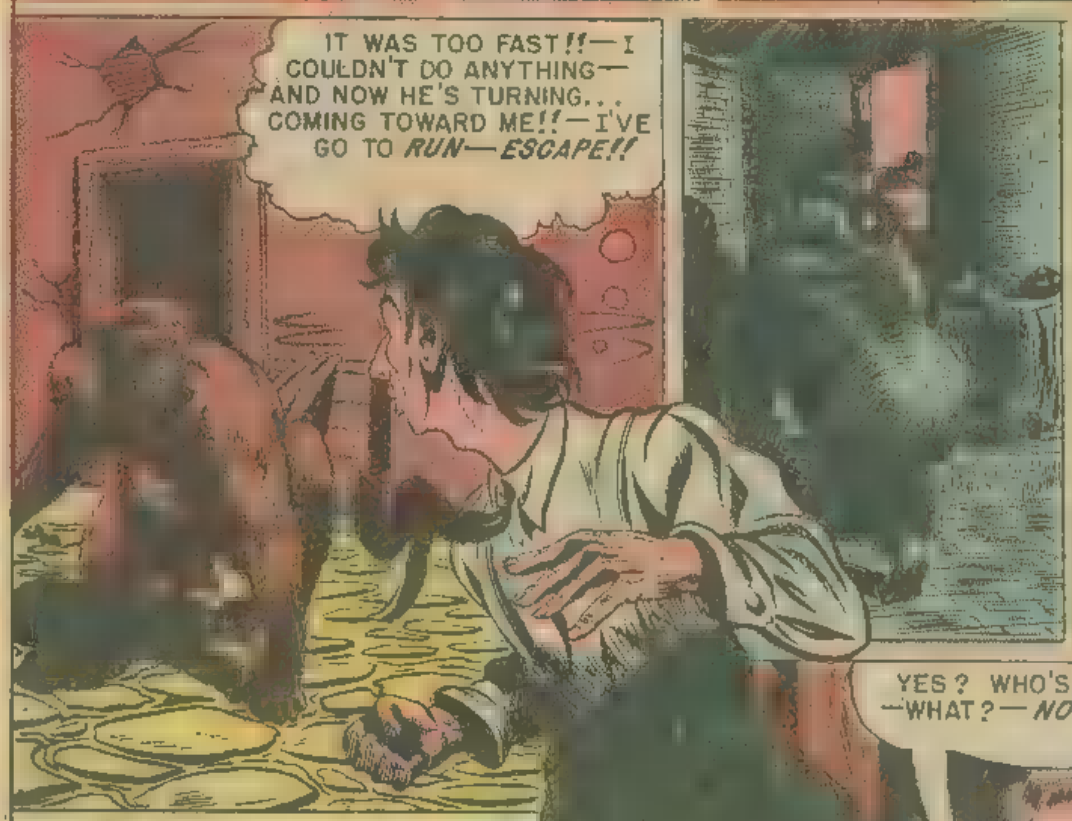

...FINISH HIM!


WHAT WAS THE OLD SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE DYING MAN SEEING HIS REFLECTION IN A MIRROR? REMEMBER... HIS SPIRIT IS SUPPOSED TO LEAVE HIM AND ENTER ANOTHER BODY!


BUT, AS MAGGOT AND FENCH GO AHEAD WITH THEIR EXPERIMENT, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS. THE HUGE APE IN THE CAGE DRAWS ERECT. HIS EYES GLEAM WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE...
...AND HIS FACE TAKES ON THE EXPRESSION OF THE DYING KILLER... JIM SYKES!


SUDDENLY! —
DOCTOR! IT'S THE GIANT APE! HE'S BROKEN LOOSE... HE'S COMING AT US!





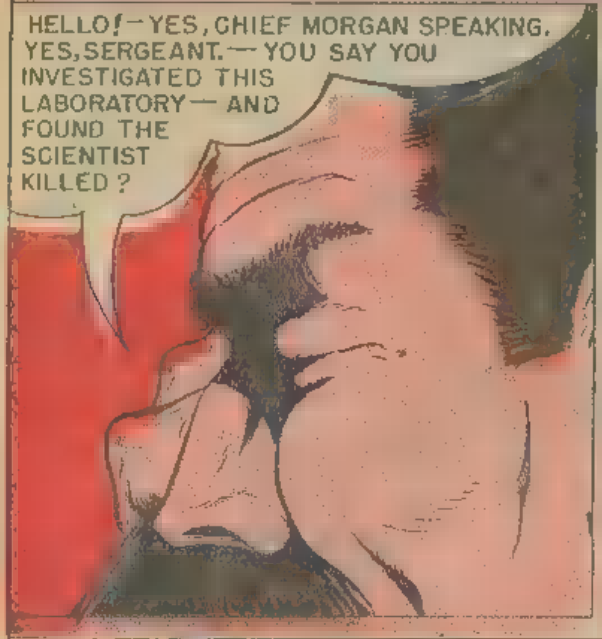
So---

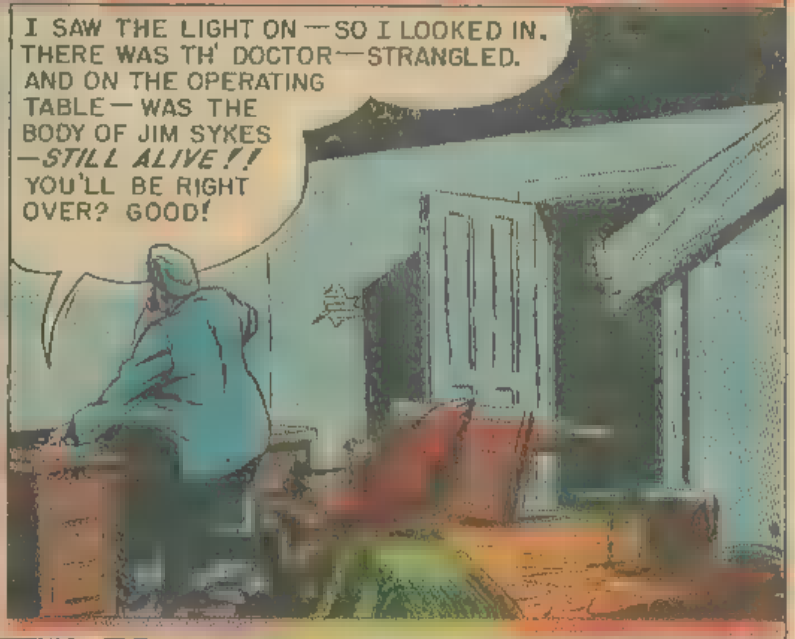
THIS, THEN, WAS THE PRELUDE TO THE GLARING HEADLINES THAT TOLD OF THE MURDER OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY BROWN, THE MAN WHO HAD SENT SYKES TO THE GALLOWS—BUT WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE APE LEFT THE LABORATORY---

?

OHHHH!

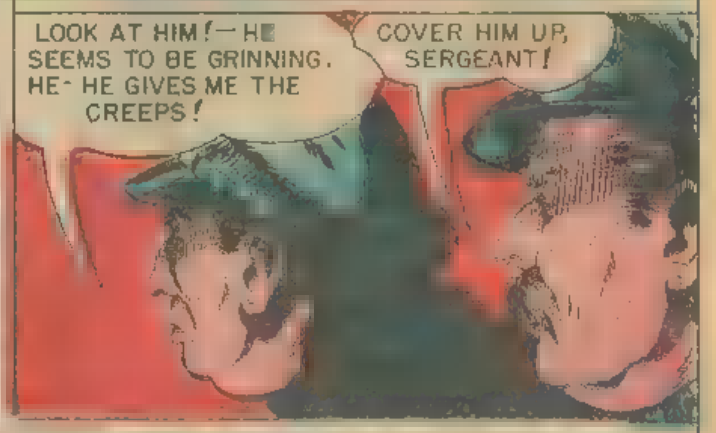
LATER IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS—
NO, WE HAVEN'T GOT A THING TO GO ON IN THE BROWN KILLING! — WE HAVEN'T EVEN ESTABLISHED A MOTIVE!!


HELLO! — YES, CHIEF MORGAN SPEAKING. YES, SERGEANT. — YOU SAY YOU INVESTIGATED THIS LABORATORY — AND FOUND THE SCIENTIST KILLED?


I SAW THE LIGHT ON — SO I LOOKED IN. THERE WAS TH' DOCTOR — STRANGLED. AND ON THE OPERATING TABLE — WAS THE BODY OF JIM SYKES —STILL ALIVE!! YOU'LL BE RIGHT OVER? GOOD!

SOON—
THERE'S A LOT OF FUNNY THINGS HERE, CHIEF — THAT CAGE — LOOKS AS IF SOMETHING MIGHTY POWERFUL BROKE OUT OF IT! — AND SYKES! WASN'T HE THE MURDERER BROWN CONVICTED?
HE CERTAINLY WAS! HE'S ALIVE?!

CHIEF! LOOK!!
IT'S THE SHADOW OF A GIANT APE!



ON THE POLICE BOOKS, THE MURDER OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY BROWN WAS NEVER SOLVED! BUT *YOU*, DEAR READER, KNOW THE REAL TRUTH.

YOU KNOW THAT IT WAS THE SPIRIT OF JIM SYKES —IN THE BODY OF THE GIANT APE— THAT WENT ON A SINISTER MISSION OF VENGEANCE!

D

it gripes m
nder my skin like this one do
"Win or lose, I usually take it all
of the day's work, but
dame pay up but

and collected their
he'd get away with it this time, she'll be pul
ing it on a fourth. We can't do anything abou
the three who are gone but we're 'ali

"Yeah, you're right
have we got? We kno
poisoned all three with arsenic
in their mashed potatoes mayb
prove it? Never in a quadril'ion
haven't got a thing! This wom
She's

ork n, the prosecu on ould never co
ry that the r little wife with n

She
ho gives the cops n
n at all. She's clever. Sh

er conscience when she
in hubby's vittals? Answer

ll about that, Murph. A
doesn't operate nd

ou're go in day
and night has gone to your head! That woman
has no more conscience than a wolf about to
dine on a juicy lamb and you know it as well
as I do! Why, t's ridiculous!"

"Just the same, I'm gonna find out!"

y
to her better atur
er existed"

rest. Those make-up men can do wonders. She'll think she's seein' his ghost."

"But how is this going to get us a confession?"

"Just as soon as she goes hysterical and spills something incriminating, we'll step in and put on the pressure. How's that?"

"It doesn't sound good to me. Why, man, if this doesn't work and the rest of the boys hear about it, we'll never live it down!"

"Got any better ideas?"

"No, Sandy. I guess I'll have to admit there's a chance in a million of something giving and I sure hate to give this one up. Let's go!"

Detective Sanderson called a theatrical agent friend of his and gave him the specifications for the actor and asked him to get the best make-up artist in town. Within two hours the actor and make-up man were busily at work producing an exact replica of the woman's late husband. When the job was complete and the stage set, Sanderson called the matron for the prisoner.

The matron walked down the corridor to the cell confining the husband-poisoner—a woman of slender build and dark complexion. There was an impassiveness, a brooding quality about her and there was also, and above all else, a strange attractiveness, which must certainly be felt by any man who came in contact with her. It wasn't her beauty, for she was not beautiful, although it was pretty safe to say she was attractive enough to be well-nigh conviction-proof before a male jury. Her pulling power lay in something far more subtle than physical beauty, some mysterious hidden quality that attracted and at the same time warned and repelled.

The prison matron unlocked her cell door and laconically told her she was wanted in the front. With assurance she got up from the bunk and followed the matron, who silently led her out of the cell block, through the disinfectant-laden corridors to the darkened room in which Detectives Murphy and Sanderson were concealed. The matron showed her to a chair, told her to wait there, then left the room and closed the door behind her.

She was then allowed to wait as Detective Sanderson had planned that she should wait. In the silence and darkness the detectives waited for the uneasiness that was sure to come to the woman. They did not have to wait long. Sitting alone in that silence and darkness would have been enough to bring uneasiness to a person who had nothing on his conscience. The detectives could hear her moving about in her chair, shuffling about in her chair. Then she spoke out. "What do you want with me? Why was I brought here?" She spoke with a show of assurance.

Since her questions were answered only by their own hollow echo, she did not speak again. But her uneasiness grew, as the detectives knew by the increased movements they could hear. Finally, Detective Sanderson gave the signal. Suddenly a door opposite the prisoner was flung open and the doorway flooded with light. In the doorway stood the replica of her late husband.

For seconds the prisoner stared immobly except for the widening of her eyes in horror and the tensing of her facial muscles. Finally, she gasped, "You're dead!"

The figure did not move.

During the silence she gripped the arms of the chair so tight her knuckles showed white. "Why don't you speak?" she asked hoarsely, unable to stand the silence. "What are you doing here? You're dead. You aren't a ghost. There aren't any ghosts."

The figure did not move.

During the ensuing silence her face convulsed in terror and reason left her. She screamed.

The figure did not move.

"I know now," she rasped. "You are a ghost. You've come back to get me. You're going to kill me. You're going to kill me because I killed you and the two others. Don't come any nearer to me! Don't! DON'T!"

The figure had not moved.

"Stay away!" she screamed. "Stay away! You can't do this to me! I'll—I'll—take your hands off my throat! You're choking me! Help! HELP!"

The figure was still standing in the doorway. She was on her feet now, and her hands were clutching at her own throat.

"You're killing me! Help! HELP!" Her calls for help were repeated over and over in lower and lower tones as she slid to the floor with her own hands clutched around her throat.

Sanderson leaped for the phone. "Hey, Doc," he said excitedly and triumphantly. "Come over here right away!"

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Murphy, "never in a quadrillion years."

The doctor came in breathlessly and bent over the limp form of the husband-poisoner. The two detectives stood by while the doctor made his examination. Finally he got to his feet and turned to the detectives. "She's dead," he said. "Died from shock."

THE RANSOM RACKET

THEY HAD A PIPE-DREAM JOB LINED UP... THESE THREE THUGS WHO DECIDED THAT *KIDNAPPING* WAS THE BEST METHOD OF MAKING A BIG HAUL FOR THEMSELVES!

FOR AFTER ALL, REASONED THIS TRIO OF UNPRINCIPLED KILLERS... WHEN YOU'VE GRABBED THE RANSOM DOUGH, THE ONLY OTHER THING YOU HAVE LEFT TO DO BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR CLEAN GETAWAY IS....

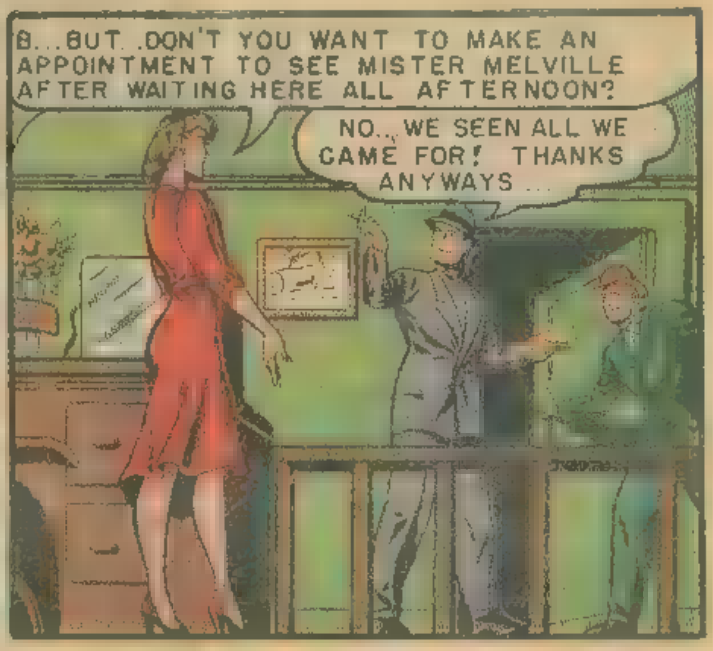
"DESTROY THE EVIDENCE!"

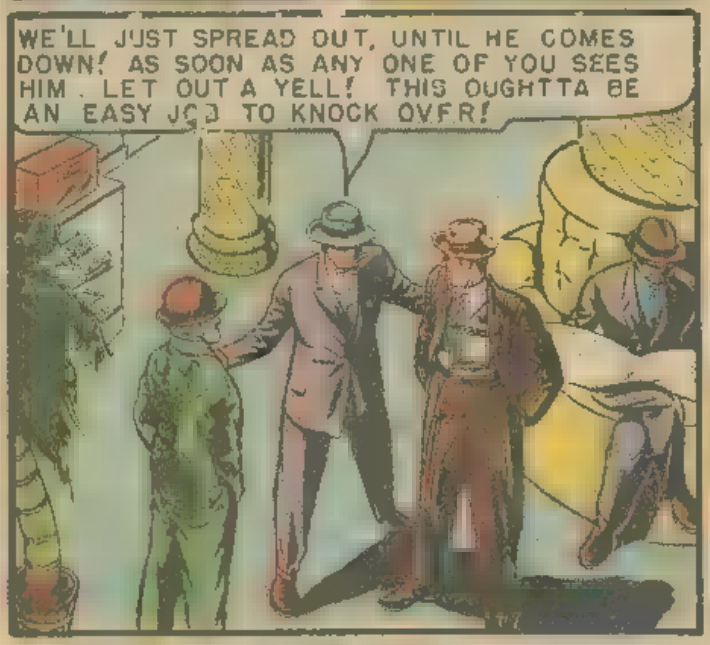
Unless you pay them twenty-five thousand dollars in cash... you'll never see again!

IN THE OFFICES OF J. P. MELVILLE, THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST....

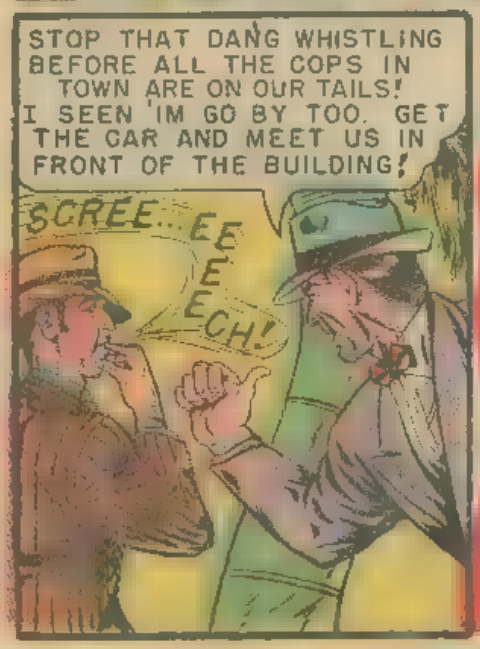
WHEN DOES THIS GUY MELVILLE COME IN, ANYWAY? ME AND MY PALS HAVE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR HALF-AN-HOUR ALREADY...

THERE HE IS NOW... WITH A GROUP OF ATTORNEYS! HE'S A VERY BUSY MAN AS YOU CAN SEE...

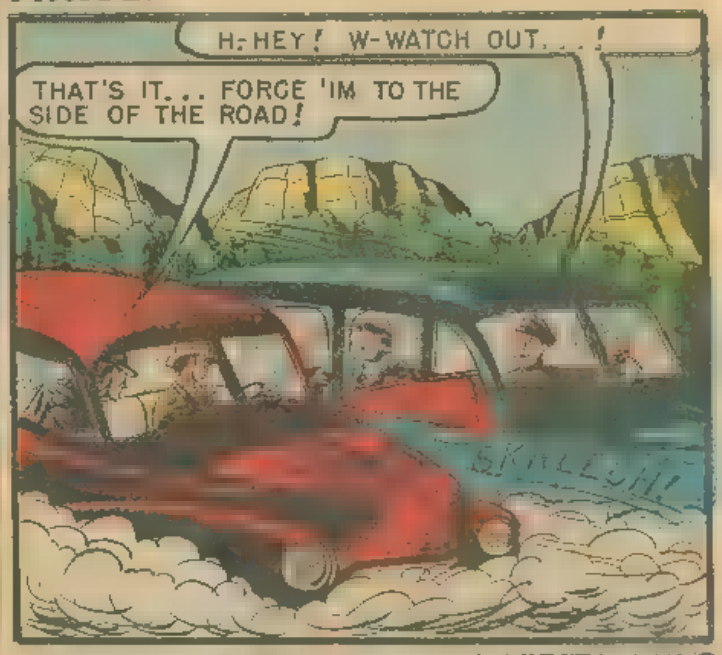




LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...



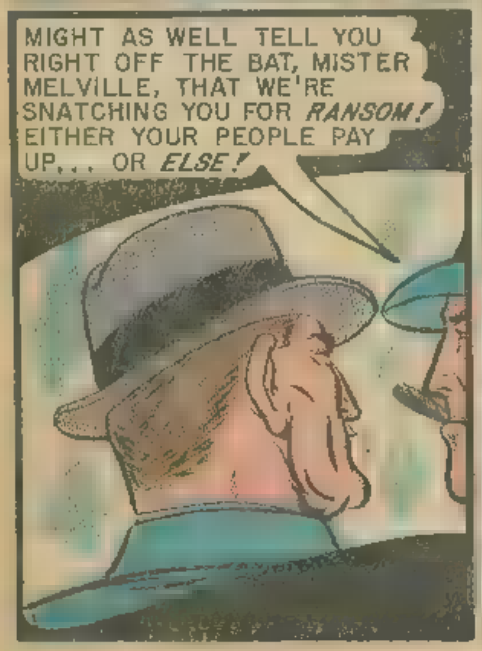
STEP ON THE GAS! HE'S IN THAT CAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF US...DON'T LET 'IM GIVE US THE SLIP!
I GOTCHA, BOSS!


H-HEY! W-WATCH OUT...!
THAT'S IT... FORCE 'IM TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!
SKRRRCH!

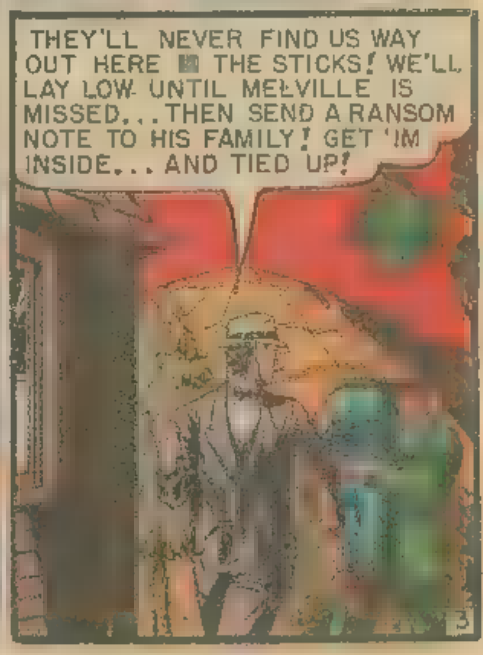
S..SAY...WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE DOING...?
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY, BOSS... GIVE 'IM ALL THE THE ANSWERS AT ONCE!

Y..YOU THUGS CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! T-THE POLICE...
...AIN'T NOWHERE IN SIGHT! UNLESS *YOU* WANT THE SAME TREATMENT...

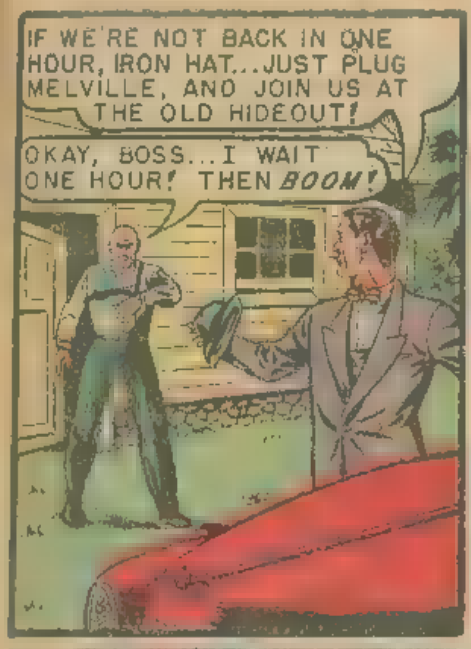
...YOU BETTER LIFT YOUR HANDS UP OVER YOUR HEAD AND GET INTO OUR CAR! AND FAST...WE'RE IN A HURRY!
T-THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!


MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU RIGHT OFF THE BAT, MISTER MELVILLE, THAT WE'RE SNATCHING YOU FOR *RANSOM!* EITHER YOUR PEOPLE PAY UP... OR *ELSE!*

GET THIS CRATE MOVING TOWARD OUR HIDEOUT, STRIPES ...BEFORE THAT CHAUFFEUR COMES TO AND GETS THE POLICE ON OUR TRAIL!
CHECK, BOSS!

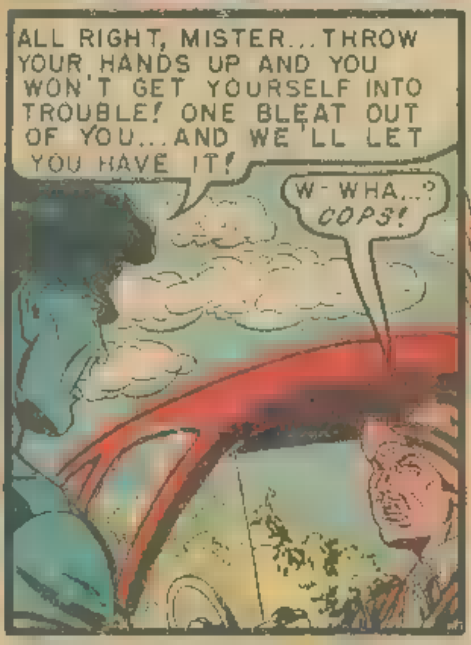

THEY'LL NEVER FIND US WAY OUT HERE IN THE STICKS! WE'LL LAY LOW UNTIL MELVILLE IS MISSED...THEN SEND A RANSOM NOTE TO HIS FAMILY! GET 'IM INSIDE... AND TIED UP!

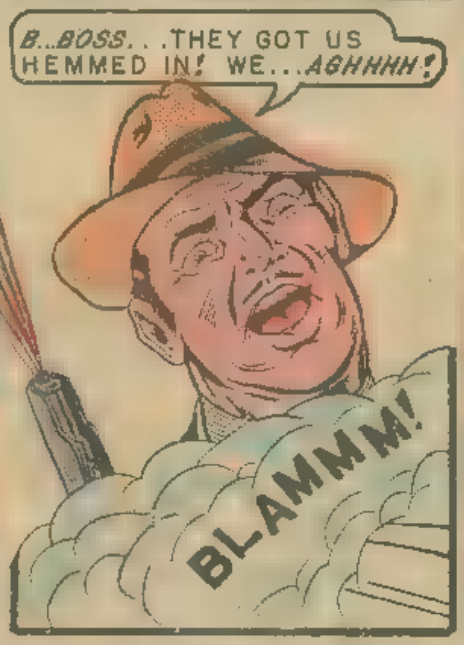
WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THE HEADLINES SCREAMED OF THE KIDNAPPING OF MELVILLE...
THE PAPERS ARE TAKING CARE OF THE FIRST PART OF OUR JOB! THEY GOT MELVILLE'S NAME SMEARED ALL OVER THE PAPER...
...NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SEND THAT RANSOM NOTE... WHICH I'M SURE HE'LL BE GLAD TO WRITE OUT FOR US!
I'M QUITE SURE THAT MR. MELVILLE IS SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT IT'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE TO DO WHATEVER WE TELL 'IM...
S-STOP... YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THI.. AGHHHH!
SMASHHH!
I THINK YOU'LL AGREE TO DO ANYTHING WE TELL YA TO DO... IN JUST A COUPLA MORE MINUTES OF THIS!
Y!!!!!!!
CRUNCHH!
AND SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT MELVILLE, FAINT WITH PAIN, WROTE OUT A RANSOM NOTE AS DICTATED BY THE BOSS...
T-THERE IT IS... PAY TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS... OR Y-YOU'LL NEVER SEE M-ME AGAIN...
THAT'S FINE, MISTER MELVILLE! NOW YA CAN GO BACK TO SLEEP, WHILE WE DELIVER THAT LETTER... AND WAIT FOR AN ANSWER!
KKK!
AGHHHH!
ONE DAY PASSED, AND THEN WORD CAME TO THE THUGS THAT THEIR NOTE HAD BEEN RECEIVED, AND MELVILLE'S FAMILY WAS PREPARED TO PAY THE RANSOM AS STIPULATED BY THE BOSS...
WE PICK UP THE DOUGH TONIGHT... THEN WE SCRAM AS FAST AS WE CAN! TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS... WOTTA DREAM!


IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN ONE HOUR, IRON HAT...JUST PLUG MELVILLE, AND JOIN US AT THE OLD HIDEOUT!
OKAY, BOSS...I WAIT ONE HOUR! THEN BOOM!

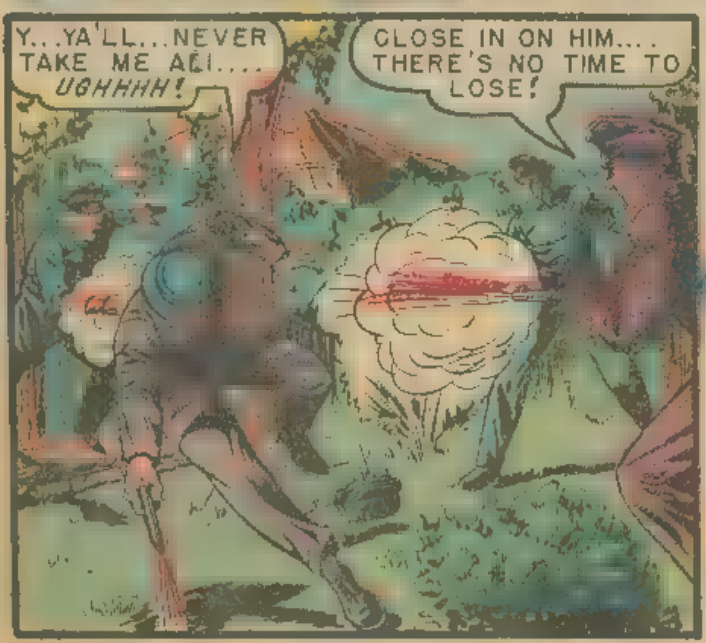
THIS IS THE SPOT...KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING, STRIPES, WHILE I HOP OUT AND GRAB THAT SATCHEL FULL OF MONEY!

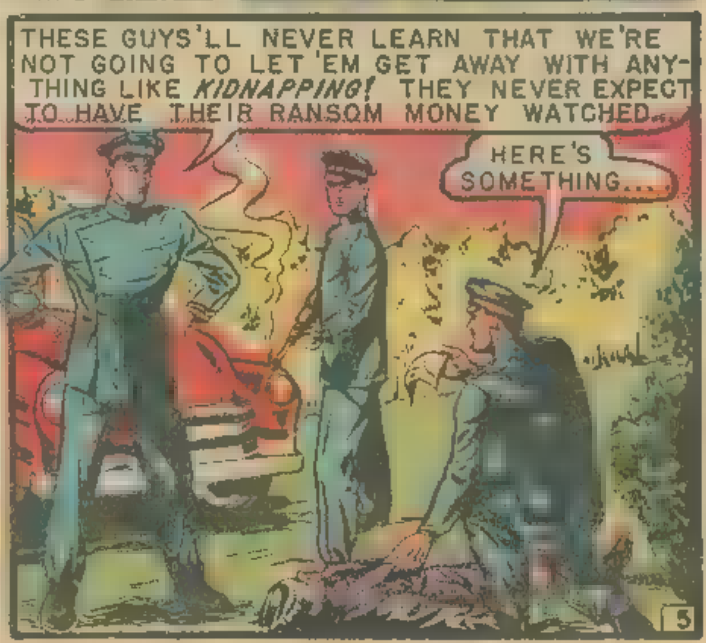
HERE IT IS...RIGHT WHERE THEY WERE TOLD TO STOW IT! THIS IS AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG...


ALL RIGHT, MISTER...THROW YOUR HANDS UP AND YOU WON'T GET YOURSELF INTO TROUBLE! ONE BLEAT OUT OF YOU...AND WE'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
W-WHA...? COPS!


B...BOSS...THEY GOT US HEMMED IN! WE...AGHHHH!
BLAMMM!

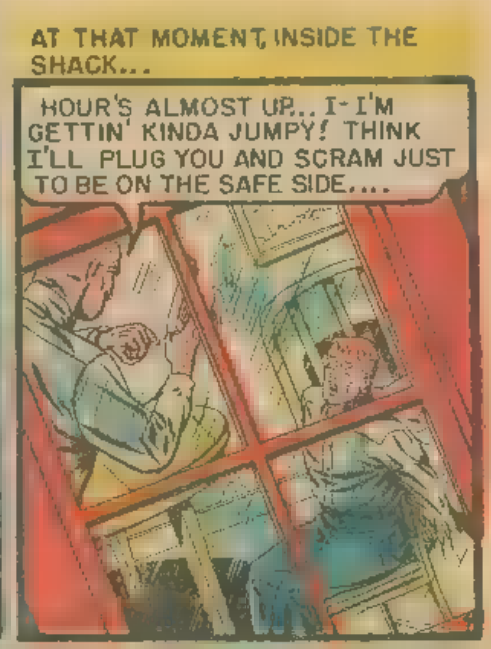
T-THEY GOT STRIPES! I... I'VE GOTTA CLEAR OUTTA HERE...
BANG!
BANGG!


Y...YA'LL...NEVER TAKE ME ALI.... UGHHHH!
CLOSE IN ON HIM.... THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

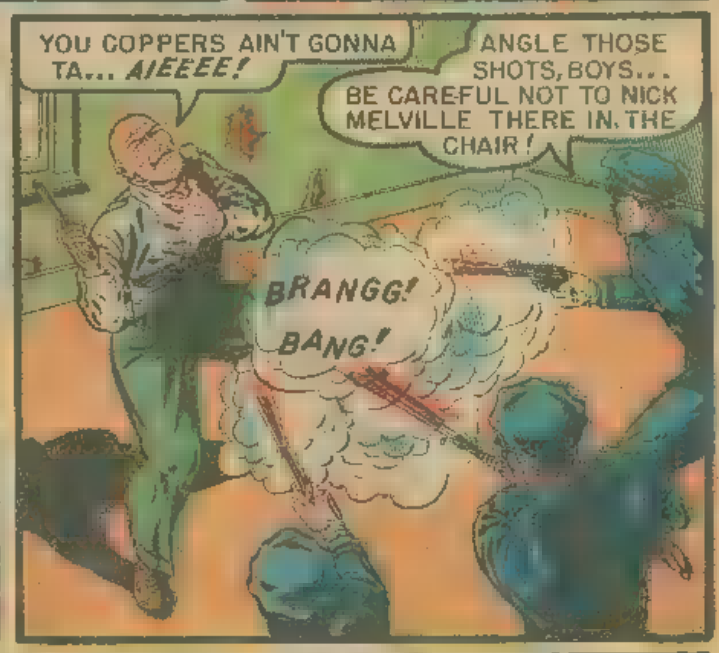

THESE GUYS'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING LIKE KIDNAPPING! THEY NEVER EXPECT TO HAVE THEIR RANSOM MONEY WATCHED...
HERE'S SOMETHING....

IT'S GOT DIRECTIONS TO SOME JOINT OUTSIDE OF TOWN! MAY BE THE PLACE WHERE THEY KEPT MELVILLE...
WE'D BETTER HURRY ...THEY MAY BE PLANNING TO KILL HIM! IF THEY HAVEN'T DONE IT ALREADY!

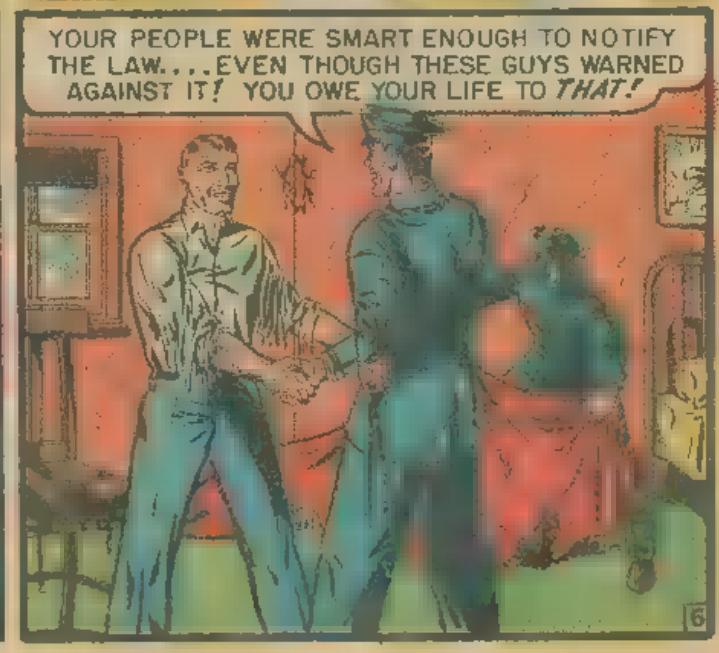
SHUT OFF THE LIGHTS AND MOTOR...THAT MUST BE THE PLACE JUST UP AHEAD! I HOPE THAT THEY HAVEN'T ALREADY BUMPED MELVILLE OFF...


AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE SHACK...
HOUR'S ALMOST UP... I-I'M GETTIN' KINDA JUMPY! THINK I'LL PLUG YOU AND SCRAM JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE....

THROW UP YOUR HANDS, MISTER...AND DROP THAT GUN IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!
W...WHA....? FLATFEET....


YOU COPPERS AIN'T GONNA TA... AIEEEE!
ANGLE THOSE SHOTS, BOYS... BE CAREFUL NOT TO NICK MELVILLE THERE IN THE CHAIR!
BRANGG!
BANG!

I--I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU...HE WAS ABOUT T-TO...
LUCKY WE GOT HERE AS FAST AS WE DID... BECAUSE THESE BUTCHERS WERE PLANNING ON KILLING YOU WHETHER THEY GOT THAT RANSOM MONEY OR NOT!


YOUR PEOPLE WERE SMART ENOUGH TO NOTIFY THE LAW....EVEN THOUGH THESE GUYS WARNED AGAINST IT! YOU OWE YOUR LIFE TO THAT!

NEW Swiss Chalet WHIRLING CLOCK

NEW! DIFFERENT! SENSATIONAL!
Here's BEAUTY! Here's ACTION!
Here's the PERFECT TIMEPIECE!

It's Guaranteed
only $3.69
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Precision ELECTRIC CLOCK is Accurate and Dependable

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING ELECTRIC CLOCK VALUE!

Watch the Rainbow Colored Whirling Disc Spin Round and Round as Time Marches On!

Think of the fun and satisfaction that can now be yours with this Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. This new ornamental clock with its colorful and intricate Swiss design, its beautiful molded plastic case and its precision electric movement, will add charm and beauty to any room. Your family and friends will be positively delighted with the striking colors of the painted Alpine Scene which adorns the clear-view, easily read dial of the clock. Made to represent a world renowned Swiss Chalet this lovely clock is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most original and the most useful electric clock ever to be offered for the sensational low price of $3.69 or two for $6.95. All the quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this beautiful chalet replica, from the rustic colored shingles on the roof and the artistic chimney to the latticed windows and mounted deer's head. Even the native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl are all accurately reproduced. This Swiss Chalet Precision Electric Whirling Clock is made so it can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures full 6¼ inches high. It's unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy and to perform faithfully and accurately.

The electric motor which powers this clever time piece is the quiet kind which requires no winding. There is no hum to disturb your sleep. Just plug it into your electric socket and watch the multi-colored spinning disc whirl away the passing of time.

Don't be disappointed! Don't pass up this buy of a lifetime and be sorry afterwards. Rush your order for one or more Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks today while the supply is still available. First come, first served. Just mail your order on the handy coupon below.

You'll Love Every Feature Of This New Clock

Colorful Whirling Disc Revolves Continuously

Native Bird Adds a Quaint Decorative Touch

Realistic-looking Beautifully Colored Pot of Flowers Adorns Each Side of Chalet

Ornamental Deer's Head Is Mounted Over Clock Dial

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

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☐ Rush me the new Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. I will pay the postman only $3.69 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges on arrival with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return the clock within 10 days for refund.

☐ Send me 2 Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks for the special price of only $6.95 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges.

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CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Enclosed is full payment in advance to save shipping charges. Rush me _____ clocks @ $3.69 each plus 20% Federal tax ($4.43) or two clocks for $6.95 plus 20% Federal tax ($8.34).

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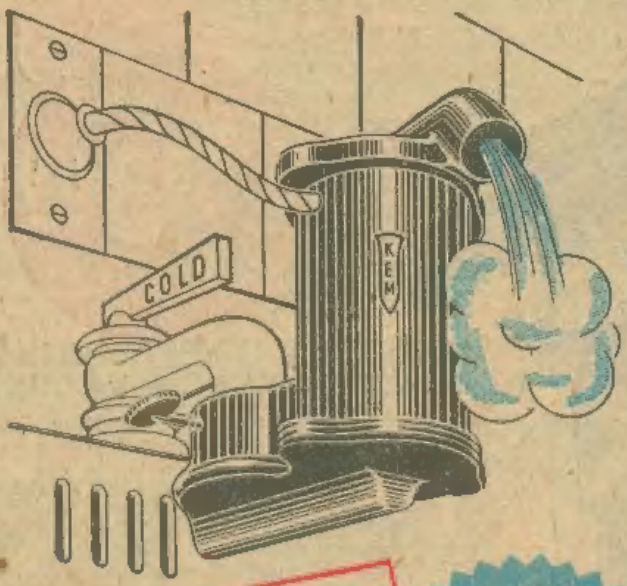
For every kitchen need

For quick shaving

A No. 1 beauty aid



Seems too good to be true until you see hot water running continuously from any cold water sink faucet! With the revolutionary new KEM INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER you get hot water — from lukewarm to real hot right when you want it!

No Boiler or Tank Needed

No waiting or fussing with fires

Just Turn Faucet To Regulate Temperature

A slight turn of your sink faucet gives you water of any desired temperature from lukewarm to real hot.

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KEM INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER fills a long and urgent need in basement, garage, cottage, tourist camp, office and factory — and when home hot water supply fails in kitchen or bathroom sink.

Fully Guaranteed

Heater is skillfully made and guaranteed against any and all defects in material and workmanship. With ordinary care, it gives many years of satisfactory service.

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- ✓ Runs on AC or DC current
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- ✓ Measures 2¾" x 3¾", requiring small storage space when not in use
- ✓ Fits any standard cold water faucet
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SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE IF KEM HEATER FAILS TO GIVE INSTANT HOT WATER!

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18 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

☐ Rush KEM HOT WATER HEATER C.O.D., I'll pay postman $3.98 plus postage.

☐ Enclose $3.98, send postpaid

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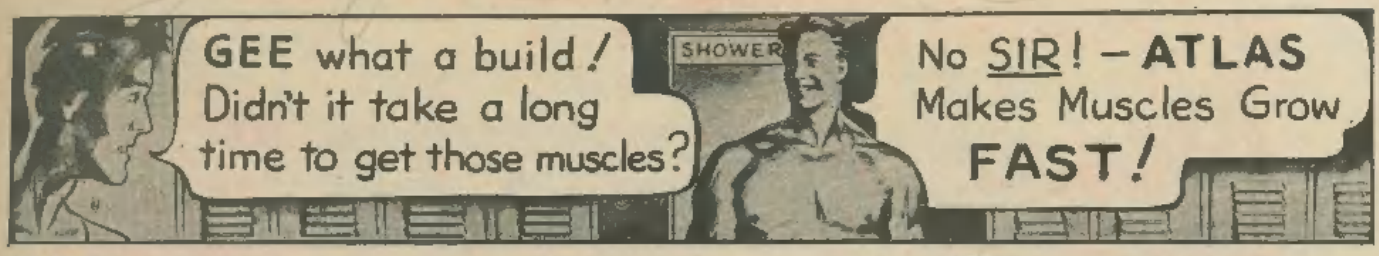

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LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

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I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

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"**Dynamic Tension!**" That's the ticket! The identical **natural** method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—**my way.** I give you **no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.** When you have learned to develop your strength through "**Dynamic Tension**" you can laugh at **artificial** muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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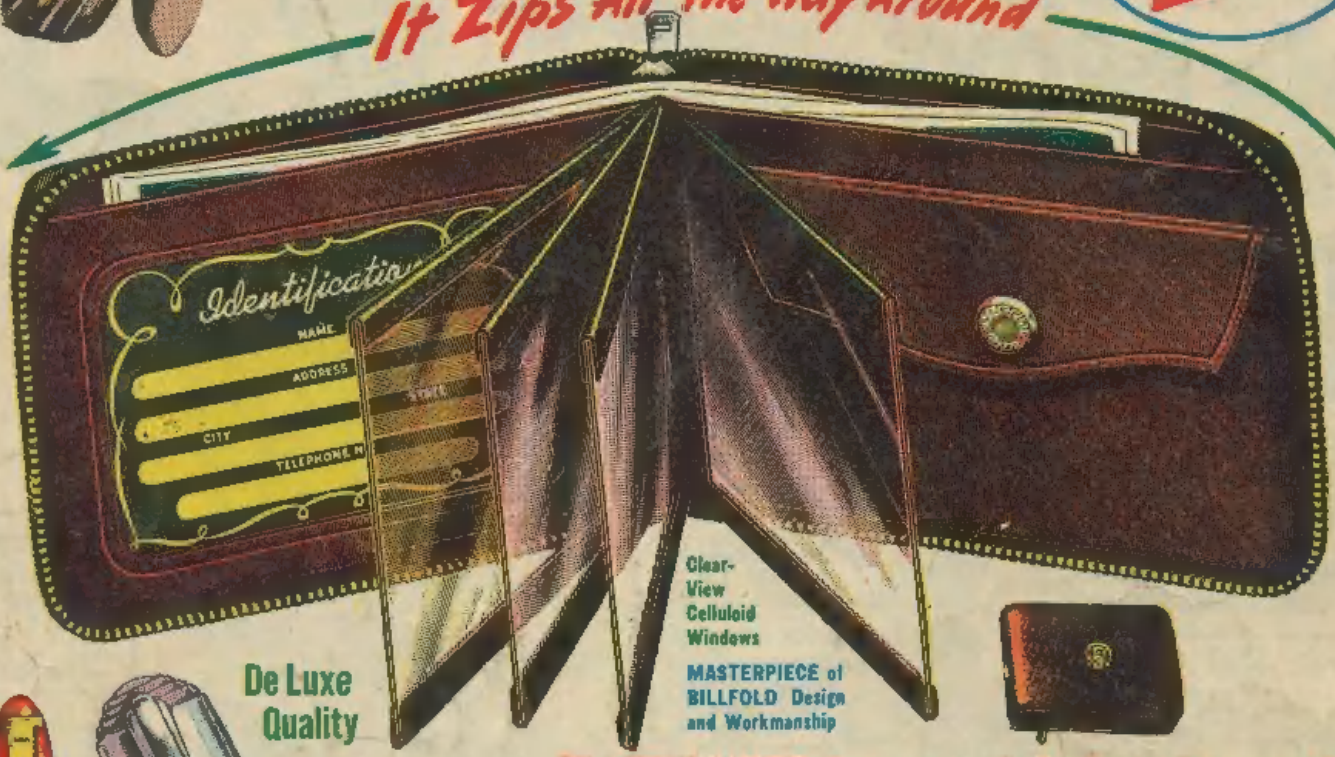

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This is ACTUAL SIZE

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Give the one INITIAL wanted on Key Holder

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CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

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